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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE crux of the situation is the knowledge in the minds of all the Governments concerned that the Mediterranean piracy is actually carried out by Italian submarines. A purely "technical" conference at which all the Powers (except Spain itself) were present might very easily prove to be a repetition of the Non-Intervention Committee—a discussion prolonged into a mockery by the Fascist Powers which, as members of the Committee, discussed how to prevent actions for which they were themselves responsible and which they intended to continue. So if the British Government were serious in the matter—and in regard to Mediterranean piracy they certainly are far more serious than they ever were about intervention in Spain itself—the Conference would have had in any case to be secretly, if not openly, political and ideological. Russia's Note to Italy is therefore quite misunderstood by the public. It raises an issue that had inevitably to be raised if the Conference was to be anything but another farce; and since the British and French cannot afford to let Mediterranean piracy go on as they could intervention in Spain, the effect of Russia's protest to Rome may perhaps be, not, as the Fascist States hope, the increased isolation of the U.S.S.R., but a more determined effort on behalf of the peaceful Powers to prevent piracy.

Prospects of the Conference

The composition of the British delegation, which includes Sir Robert Vansittart, shows the serious concern of Britain about the Mediterranean. The British Government will no doubt do anything, at any cost to Spain, to conciliate Mussolini, but since the most vital of British interests—security on the high seas—is in danger, their conduct is unlikely to be a mere repetition of the Abyssinian story. Some scheme for policing the Mediterranean must be evolved. By refusing to come to the Conference Italy and Germany do not necessarily refuse to consider any plan agreed upon by the other Powers. But their absence from the Conference seems to decrease the chance of the real or nominal acceptance of the British plan for confining submarines to zones and sinking submarines found outside these zones. Other schemes are possible, including the very difficult and expensive convoy system. What is certain is that the chances of European peace are better if all the Powers which desire it declare their determination to police the Mediterranean.

The Fighting in Spain

On the Aragon front the Spanish Government forces have gained some ground. They have captured Belchite after an attack which has resulted in heavy casualties on both sides. This brings them nearer to Saragossa, their main objective, but the rebels are still confident of Saragossa's power to defend itself. In the north west

Franco's armies are advancing steadily along the coast towards Gijon, which on the sea side is already blockaded pretty tightly. If he can succeed in disposing of the Asturias, he will be able to divert reinforcements to the Madrid front and make another and more formidable assault on the capital—or, more likely perhaps, attempt to isolate it by cutting the Valencia road. The new Republican army is well organised and disciplined, but still inferior to the enemy in what is most important —the air arm. The rebels, as everyone knows, have or can get all they need with the least let or hindrance from their Fascist friends abroad. That means, as Sir Walter Citrine told the Trades Union Congress on Tuesday, that the abandonment of non-intervention is not enough in itself; the supply of arms to Franco by Italy and Germany should be stopped—by force if necessary. Congress agreed, and the resolution which was carried demanded not merely sympathy for the Spanish Republic, but resolute steps to redress the balance that has been weighted against it. These steps, it is urged, must be taken by the League of Nations; to ask for single-handed action by Britain is not practical politics, and Sir Walter Citrine was evidently right in saying that it was futile to talk of a general strike as a means of forcing such a policy on the Government and the country. But, alas! what are the chances of the League sitting up and taking notice of the state of Spain?

War and Diplomacy in the Far East

There has been stiff fighting on several fronts in China during the past week. In the South the Japanese navy has been active; Chinese customs vessels have been attacked and seized in Hong Kong waters and elsewhere, and the Pratas Islands, 200 miles to the south east, have been occupied. In Shansi Province and at Shanghai the Chinese are putting up a stout resistance, which has disappointed Japan's hopes of a quick and crushing victory. Her military power and her economic weakness have still to be put to the test. Meanwhile, the Western Powers can do no more than twiddle their diplomatic thumbs and gnash their commercial teeth. American opinion in China is incensed at what is regarded as the supine policy of the U.S.A. Government, but nobody in America appears to be in favour of fighting to maintain American interests in the Far East. Our own Government's Note on the wounding of the British Ambassador has drawn no more than an evasive "interim reply," which combines a formal expression of regret for the incident with the pretence that nothing has yet been found to show that the Japanese were responsible for it, and the impudent suggestion that we should co-operate with them in preventing the recurrence of such events. Of this the *Times* observed that "if it were anything but an interim reply it would be anything but satisfactory." A nice meiosis, indeed! But is the final reply likely to be any more satisfactory?

Two Views on Colonies

It was doubtless pure accident that the League of Nations Committee issued its report on the problem of raw materials on the same day as Herr Hitler proclaimed at Nuremberg Germany's overmastering economic need for colonies; but the two go well together. While Hitler was asserting that the German people could not live well without a colonial empire to supply them with necessary foodstuffs, the League's committee was lucidly explaining that the only difficulties in the way of any country supplying itself with all the commodities it might require were financial, and arose out of a shortage of foreign exchange. Moreover, the committee pointed out that these difficulties would obviously be increased in proportion as countries insisted on spending their available supplies of foreign exchange on armaments instead of necessary foodstuffs and materials for normal industry. It was, of course, also to be recognised that, owing to short term inelasticity of supply, the prices of primary commodities tended to fluctuate more sharply than those of finished goods; so that countries which need to import large quantities of materials find themselves compelled to buy at high prices in periods of rising industrial activity. This, however, has nothing to do with the colonial problem, as the high prices apply equally to goods of colonial origin. The League Committee's answer is that what really matters is the freedom of international trade, and the possession of colonies has very little to do with it.

Hitler's Nuremberg Speech

Hitler, of course, will not accept this reasoning. His speech was full of that intentional ambiguity which marks all official German references to the colonial question. On this occasion he chose to take as his main point Germany's need for increased supplies of food, and then went on to speak as if the problem could be solved by the return of the former German colonies. But how much in the way of necessary foodstuffs did Germany ever draw, or could she ever hope to draw, from these colonial possessions? The first part of what the Führer had to say sounded very much as if he were thinking far more about the Ukraine than about Tanganyika or Togoland. But it would not do to avow this openly; so the demand for the return of the former colonies had to be brought in to cover the real demand. Economically, what Germany really wants is not a colonial empire, but an extension of the European territory under her political control. The League report brings out very clearly how small in reality the economic aspect of the colonial problem must be. Most raw materials are produced mainly in non-colonial territories—the only important exceptions being palm oil, rubber and copra. All the colonial territories of all the Powers together produce only 3 per cent. of the world supply of important materials. Clearly no possible transfer of colonies to Germany could make much difference to her internal economic situation.

The State of Trade Unionism

Trade Union membership, in Unions affiliated to the Trades Union Congress, is now about $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions. This must be compared with about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1914, $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions at the peak point in 1920, and rather over $4\frac{1}{3}$ millions on the eve of the General Strike. The lowest point reached since then was in 1934, when Congress represented only 3,300,000 members. Thus, there has been a gain of nearly a million during the past three years—mainly during the past eighteen months. But T.U.C. membership is still lower than in 1926, despite a substantial rise in the number of workers seeking employment. Mr. Bevin, in his presidential address, suggested that no fewer than nine million workers have their wages in fact governed either by Trade Union agree-

ments or by Trade Boards; so that less than half of those for whom the Unions bargain are enrolled as members. This, of course, leaves out of account the Unions which are not affiliated to the T.U.C.; but they are not of much importance, except among civil servants, teachers and a few other non-manual occupations. Some non-unionism is accounted for by the failure of most of the Unions to keep effective touch with the unemployed. But much more is due to the weakness of the Movement in the newer industries, above all among women workers, for whose recruitment the T.U.C. has pledged itself to launch a special campaign. Shop assistants and clerks are two large and still mainly unorganised groups; but the Shop Assistants' Union received the congratulations of Congress on its recent success in enrolling members and negotiating agreements in the distributive trades.

The Land of Britain

One of the most interesting discussions at the British Association was that on "Planning the Land," which brought together six sections of the Conference for a joint meeting. Whatever the economists may have to say on the score of cost, the land experts have no doubt as to the possibility of a greatly improved use of the land of Great Britain from the standpoint of both production and amenity. Dr. Dudley Stamp, while deprecating any attempt to run counter to the natural specialisation of the prairie countries upon wheat-growing, estimated that the arable area of Great Britain could be raised from 21½ to 31 per cent. of the total land area, including an increase from 2 to 5 per cent. in the area under intensive cultivation. He also emphasised the very large possibilities of enlarging the area of first-class pasture land, largely by the improvement of areas now used only for rough grazing, and also the practicability of afforestation on a much larger scale on land now hardly used at all. Sir Daniel Hall stressed the impossibility of effective planning of the land without public ownership; and both he and other speakers referred to the compatibility of improved economic use of land and its better adaptation to the needs of the public for amenity. Other contributors to the debate laid emphasis on the non-economic factors in the continuing rural depopulation, and the need for increasing the amenities, as well as the pay, of the rural workers. Finally, Dr. Julian Huxley put in a strong plea for the better conservation of animal and bird life, and for national parks under national management, in face of the failure of the present system of local responsibility.

Ten Thousand Pairs of Stockings

In the Economic Section Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jun., turned a floodlight on the wasteful processes of shopping. He spoke of 10,765 different kinds of stockings on sale in one department of a big store, and something like a million articles of one sort and another in the store as a whole. The effect of this fantastic range is obviously to put up costs of production and distribution. It is defended on the hallowed principle of "consumers' choice." But surely it is "distributors' lunacy." We do not believe that the consumers either need, or in point of fact want, their freedom of choice carried to such extravagant lengths. A few years ago the rationalisation of industry was on everyone's lips. We learned then of the economic advantages of standardisation, of reducing to some reasonable dimension the variety of commodities—including pots and pans, milk bottles, paper bags, teapot spouts and other domestic utensils—with which manufacturers and distributors were flooding the world. Something has been done, we believe, in the United States, and something, though less, in this country, to diminish this absurd waste—and there have, so far as we know, been no complaints from the consumers. Does Mr. Selfridge really believe that the customers in his store would feel it an injustice, or make an outcry, if they found only 5,000, or even 2,000, instead of 10,000 sorts of stockings to choose from?

Nasty Business

We have been glad to notice a number of recent cases in which judges and magistrates have commented strongly on the activities of hire-purchase firms which employ people described by Judge Sir Artemus Jones as "skilled in the art of getting others to sign documents in terms which they do not understand." The firms in question seem to specialise in cigarette machines, weighing scales, and outside advertising cabinets. The victims are usually small shopkeepers, tobacconists, confectioners, general dealers and such like, people making a precarious living and very open to glib suggestions about ways of improving it. Often the evidence of the courts shows that they were persuaded to sign a document which they did not read, in the belief that they were merely signing a receipt for a gadget left "on approval." A variety of methods are used to procure a signature on a folded piece of paper which proves afterwards to be a hire-purchase contract. On a number of occasions in the last few months the magistrates have exposed the methods used and refused to grant costs to the plaintiffs, even when the defendant's liability could not be denied. Sir Artemus Jones suggests a public investigation and legislation on the analogy of that directed against share-pushers. That would be to the good, but the immediate remedy is for magistrates generally to follow Sir Artemus' example in dealing with such cases.

The Sailor's Life

After years of agitation, in which the National Union of Seamen and the Labour Party were active, an important set of reforms in the conditions of British seamen is now announced. The old conditions would in many points have disgraced a primitive community; they were a crying scandal in the leading maritime nation of the world. The instructions just issued by the Board of Trade require that all ships of over 2,500 tons built in Great Britain shall have hospital accommodation for the crew, and every new vessel, irrespective of tonnage, must provide accommodation aft or amidships instead of in the forecastle, separate messrooms and sleeping accommodation (with better bunks) for different watches, proper washing and bathing facilities and drying rooms, better ventilation and more "head-room." Unfortunately, it will be some time before these amenities are universally enjoyed; there are many ships of the bad old type afloat at present. But it is recommended that every opportunity should be taken to make such improvements as are possible, and we hope that this recommendation will be treated as a command rather than a pious suggestion.

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MR. BEVIN'S POLICY

ELEVEN years ago, in the General Strike, the British Trade Union movement lost a substantial part of its membership, a much larger part of its accumulated funds, and a larger part still of its militancy. Since then, the movement has been passing through a long convalescence, interrupted by a serious relapse at the time of the economic crisis of 1931. But at last funds have been brought back to solvency and, thanks to the revival in production and employment, membership is again increasing fast. Already there is in a number of industries a shortage of skilled labour, so that the bargaining power of the Trade Unions has greatly improved. Wage concessions are being granted in many trades without strike action; and from the standpoint of the majority of workers such grievances as that of the Means Test have receded into the background.

The situation, however, differs substantially from that which has existed in previous booms. Trade Union demands have been, in nearly every case, quite remarkably modest; and even when large claims have been put forward there has been a marked readiness to compromise rather than resort to strike action. Miners, railwaymen, transport workers, engineers—all these Unions seem to be in a mood to prefer half a cake to the risk of no bread. Moreover, whereas in previous booms the advance of the big battalions has usually been preceded by a large number of unofficial strikes, many of which have subsequently secured official endorsement, to-day unofficial stoppages are relatively few and small, and Trade Union leaders are much prompter than of old to discipline rank and file groups which attempt to take matters into their own hands. There has been no really big strike for more than a decade; and the Trade Union leaders will be very well pleased if there is none for a decade to come.

Mr. Ernest Bevin's address to the Trades Union Congress at Norwich can be taken as expressing very clearly the mind of the Trade Union leadership. Mr. Bevin, indeed, said nothing of the recent struggles inside his own Union, of the suspensions and expulsions which have been enforced in his and other Unions against Left-wingers suspect of acting under Communist influence, or of the determination of himself and his fellow leaders to keep all "subversive" elements in order. But he implied what he did not say, laying down a policy which clearly means an orientation of Trade Unionism to the Right, parallel to the recent movement in the Labour Party, which he has not been without influence in bringing about.

Mr. Bevin sees clearly that if Trade Unionism is not to lose ground it must adapt itself, more rapidly and successfully than hitherto, to the changing conditions of production. His answer to this problem is two-fold. He sees that the Trade Unions must not merely re-establish their hold over the older industries, but also make conquests of the new trades to which more and more labour is being transferred. This his own Union is to a certain extent already beginning to do. But it is uphill work, especially in view of the large amount of women's labour used in these industries, and of the traditional indifference of the older Unions (or most of them) to the wages and conditions of women workers whom the old-style craft Unionist sought rather to exclude altogether than to lift up. Mr. Bevin calls upon the Trade Unions to take up a new attitude towards the problem of female labour, as a condition of success in winning the newer industries for the movement.

In addition to this need, he sees another—to win the black-coats, the professionals and the scientists over to the Labour cause. For some time past the Trades Union Congress has been trying hard to induce more of the associations of non-manual workers to affiliate to it; and this policy has met with a limited success. Now a further step has been taken, and the Congress, without insisting on affiliation, has entered into regular relations with the National Association of Local Government Officers—a body which in the past leading Trade Unionists have often denounced as not being a Trade Union at all. At the same time, Congress has created an Advisory Council of Scientists to advise it regularly upon scientific problems affecting industry; and it has drawn up a special charter for the nursing profession, and turned its face more and more towards the intermediate groups which must be won over if Labour is either to command an independent political majority or to pursue with success a policy that will maximise its membership and peaceful influence under the existing economic system.

This new orientation fits in exactly with that of the political wing of Transport House. It is the economic side of the same policy as finds political expression in the Labour Party's new Short Programme. It has, however, certain consequences which it may not prove easy to persuade the general body of Trade Unionists to accept. It involves a high degree of respectability not only among the leaders, but also, in matters of behaviour, among the rank and file. It means that the Trade Unions must persuade the doctors, technicians, teachers and other public servants at whom they are now setting their cap that they are not after all so black as they have been painted, and in particular that in respect of Communist influence they can claim a perfectly clean bill of health.

Can the Trade Unions of manual workers secure this perfect respectability without the danger of seriously weakening their own forces? Sooner or later, if they go on expelling their militants, there are likely to be splits, such as arose in France after the war and such as exist on a large scale to-day in the United States. Moreover, even if there are no actual splits, a sustained repression of militant action may so weaken the fighting spirit of the Unions that it will fail in a crisis as it failed in Germany. Trade Unionism owes its strength to the experience of fighting hard for the elementary rights of combination. It cannot afford to become merely a form of association which the individual joins for what he can get out of it, or perforce, without any sense of unity in face of a common enemy.

Trade Unionism can both organise the "black-coats" and retain its fighting spirit. The two things are compatible, but only on condition that too large concessions are not made in the hope of bringing the black-coats into the ranks. Any accession of strength among the professional and clerical groups would be bought at much too high a price if it involved a substantial secession of manual workers, or a large number of expulsions of Left-wingers from the ranks of the Unions. Nor in the long run would a policy of this sort be likely to succeed; for the intermediate groups are most likely to

be convinced of the virtues of Trade Unionism if they see it winning real victories, and real victories are not to be had for long without fighting for them.

We see, then, certain dangers in the attitude which, in the boom of 1937, the Trade Union movement seems to be taking up. But we have only praise for Mr. Bevin's insistence on the need, while the boom lasts, for taking adequate measures to prepare not for, but against, a coming slump. Here and now, plans ought to be in the making for large schemes of public works, to be started immediately there is any cessation of the arms race, or industrial activity in other fields shows signs of slackening off. Here and now, resources ought to be put by out of boom profits for the financing of public works; and we ought to be taking full advantage of the boom to improve our social services by providing an adequate pensions scheme and guaranteeing fairer treatment to all those sections of the people whom the boom conditions have hardly touched.

All these proposals are sound sense. But the crux of the matter is how to convert them from aspirations into realities. Mr. Bevin, if we understand him aright, sets his hopes upon an extension of Trade Unionism, so as to make it really representative of the great majority of the people, in the belief that such a growth will necessarily carry with it a political Labour victory. But how long, even if everything goes as well as even Mr. Bevin can possibly hope, is this double process of conversion to take? And, while it is going on, what is to happen? Is the National Government to be left securely in power, whatever iniquities it may be guilty of in international affairs?

In effect, both the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress have come to regard themselves rather as forces of permanent constitutional opposition within the capitalist system than as instruments for putting a new system in its place. For the moment, this policy may seem to be forced upon them, as a matter of tactics. But are they not somewhat too ready to accept it, not merely in a tactical sense, but as the basis for an entire philosophy? To us at any rate it seems that there is one thing missing at Norwich—the will to power—and that this same thing has been missing from both the industrial and the political action of Labour for some time past. And we fear that, for lack of this, Mr. Bevin's well-stated and well-reasoned programme of economic progress is all too likely to come to nothing.

FRANCE AND SPAIN

BEFORE this appears in print it will be known whether the Mediterranean Conference is to take place. At the moment Mussolini has been so offended by the "impudent" Russian suggestion that Italian submarines were responsible for the sinking of Soviet ships in the Mediterranean that he threatens not to take part in the Conference. The question at present is whether Italy will in the end be convinced that the advantages of attending the Conference will outweigh the drawbacks. Many think that Germany will urge Italy to go to the Conference, after all; for the manner in which it has been organised may prove highly favourable to the Fascist countries. On the flimsy excuse that Germany took part in the naval control in the Mediterranean (where her navy valiantly shelled Almeria), the British Government has insisted upon an invitation being sent to her; and Germany would be sorry to forgo the opportunity of figuring at a Conference as a "Mediterranean Power." With Germany and Italy both present, the Conference may easily develop into a diplomatic demonstration of unity between all the Fascist and pro-Fascist countries; for it so happens that the majority of the Conference will consist of the representatives of the Berlin-Rome axis—and its present and prospective satellites—Albania, Greece, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia and Rumania. The more pessimistic French observers can already visualise France, in uncomfortable alliance with the Soviet Union, facing this bloc, and the British Government acting the honest broker between these two unequal opponents. In French Government quarters it is strongly felt that only by never losing sight of the one and only objective of the Conference—which is to put an end to piracy in the Mediterranean—and by not allowing the discussion to be side-tracked by such things as an Italian demand that belligerent rights be granted to Franco—which would be an easy way for Italy to dodge any eventual anti-piracy agreement—can the British Government save the Conference from degenerating into a huge Franco-British diplomatic fiasco.

The French already feel that the Conference has made a bad start, and no more mistakes must be made. The British Government must make it clearly understood that if no anti-piracy agreement (particularly concerning submarines) is reached, then Britain and France will alone undertake to police the Mediterranean; for any refusal on Italy's part to accept precise commitments should be regarded as a clear admission that she has been, and intends to be in future, the Chief Pirate.

Such is the French view at the moment. Altogether, a great part of French opinion, including Government opinion, has been becoming more and more alarmed in the last few weeks by the situation in Spain and, above all, in the Mediterranean. Not only the Socialists, but this time also the Radicals, including the Ministers of War and Marine (M. Daladier and M. Campinchi) were beginning to feel that this "non-intervention" could not go on any longer, and the General Staff seems to have told the cautious M. Delbos that it was all very well sharing the British view that one must "hold out" patiently for a few more months, whatever Mussolini's provocations, but that in the meantime France was in danger of seeing the Mediterranean turned into a sea of Fascist lawlessness, with French and other shipping at the mercy of Italy, with Italy making herself at home on the Marseilles–Algiers sea route, and with the Valencia Government starved out by a regular Italian blockade. M. Delbos does not seem to care much for the Valencia Government as such; but even he seems to have been impressed by the anxiety of the General Staff. The choice lay between two solutions. One was that all oil tankers and foodships bound for Spain which were being systematically torpedoed by "unknown" submarines, should be directed to Marseilles and the goods then sent by rail to Spain, and that, in addition to this, the frontier should be opened to armaments. Would Italy proceed to sink oil tankers bound for Marseilles? And would she regard the opening of the Spanish frontier to armaments as a "provocation"?

The French Government, including M. Daladier and M. Campinchi—though with M. Delbos still a little wobbly—were fully prepared to call Mussolini's bluff. But at this point the British Government became thoroughly alarmed, and, to prevent the opening of the frontier, it gave support to the alternative French proposal of calling a conference in the hope of ending piracy and so making a step towards what the Foreign Office likes to call "strengthening non-intervention." It may be hoped that the object of the Conference will not simply have been to postpone the opening of the French frontier, and that it will result either in an effective anti-piracy agreement or, failing that, in the realisation that Britain and France must make up their minds that a firm stand in the Mediterranean is the only course left to them.

It seems increasingly clear not only to the French Government and to the General Staff, but also to a growing volume of French opinion, including M. de Kerillis and a few other

elements of the Right, that a final victory of Franco would be a grave menace both to France and to England. The comfortable British argument, so often repeated by certain Quai d'Orsay officials, that "in the long run Spain will never consent to be under any foreign domination or control," hardly holds good. Even assuming that a victorious Franco will, sooner or later, get rid of his allies (and at what price?) what matters is not what will happen in five years, but what will happen in the next six or twelve months. Further, it is argued that "Franco will need British money"; but it seems to be forgotten that exactly the same argument was used about Italy at the time of the Abyssinian war. Has Mussolini, as was prophesied, come to eat out of our hand? Dictators—and if Mussolini, why not Franco?—have a knack of living without real money.

What is French feeling about Spain? Responsible Frenchmen are fully aware of the dangers of the situation, and they would act with far more energy if only they could depend on the full support of England. But the tragedy is that they cannot. For weeks the outrageous situation in the Mediterranean was as good as ignored in London. As for public opinion in general, it is divided in a curious way. The working class feel strongly about the ill-treatment of the Spanish Government. On the Spanish border, where I went a week or two ago, the French workmen spoke with intense bitterness of England, whom they held responsible for "non-intervention." Among the peasantry and the small bourgeoisie I found a great deal of indifference and fatalism, and an almost instinctive closing of eyes to reality. The bourgeoisie is frightened of "Reds" and "Anarchists," and thinks that trade with Spain may improve if there is a "strong" Government there—by which they mean a Franco Government.

But the most interesting reactions may be observed among the Fascist elements in France. Franco is their trump card. In fact, they have no other trumps left. As M. Sarraut, who is the most milk-and-watery of Radicals, clearly suggested in a speech on Sunday, the Front Populaire was born out of the Fascist menace, and as an anti-Fascist force it would live on, whatever changes were made in economic and financial policy. In a sense this is true. One may speak of the failure of the "Blum experiment," or of Bonnet's "surrender to the Two Hundred Families"; one may even wonder how far Bonnet and Chautemps will venture to go back on the social and labour legislation of 1936; but it seems clear that the anti-Fascist *mystique* will continue in the country, whether it is run by Socialists, Radicals or even by a Radical-Centre coalition. In this limited sense the Front Populaire will live; the overwhelming majority of French opinion is still anti-Fascist, and the La Rocques and Doriots and other Fascists will continue to count for mighty little—even without their present quarrels, in the course of which La Rocque is accused of having received money from the secret funds. This competition between the Fascists is extremely fierce. I may be mistaken, but my own theory is that the present campaign against La Rocque is being conducted by the *Jour*, the *Action Française* and the more gangsterish of the Fascist elements largely because they consider La Rocque to have certain decent instincts, which might prevent him, at a certain moment, from fraternising wholeheartedly with foreign Fascists, regardless of France's fundamental interests as a nation. The other day I had an illuminating meeting with a well-groomed young Frenchman (I could have kicked him) who held forth as follows: "We can't do anything until Franco wins. But Franco's victory will make all the difference in the world to France. This country is fundamentally Fascist (!); and when Franco has won, it will realise that we must either make terms with our Fascist neighbours, or go under. And only a Fascist Government in France—a Government that will have put an effective end to the Front Populaire—can do this. Public opinion will soon realise it. The day for a total change in France is near." When I asked who the leader of this great Fascist upheaval would be, he said he wasn't sure. "There isn't anybody yet, really," he said. "That's the trouble. But Laval might be useful as Foreign Minister." "What about La Rocque?" The well-groomed young man laughed disdainfully. "La Rocque is a Radical!"

All this seemed perfectly silly; and yet a great many well-groomed young men in France feel that way. I heard the same sort of thing at a chateau party in Normandy the other day. "Franco is our trump card." A few of these young men feel so strongly on the subject that they are ready to die for Franco. The *Epoque* reports to-day the death in battle of a young French count, who joined Franco's army as a volunteer. A reactionary Paris town councillor has been recruiting volunteers for Franco. There is a network of Franco agents in France, many of them paid, but many, no doubt, unpaid. The post office clerk at Marseilles who deciphered telegrams to Valencia and wired copies to Salamanca was not unique. St. Jean de Luz is full of French and Spanish Franco agents; the well-documented series of articles in the *Populaire* has been highly instructive on the subject. There are strong reasons for saying that Laval is watching these feelings on the Right very hopefully. He also imagines that Franco may be his trump card, and is said to be in contact with the rebels, who regard him as "their" man. It would be a hideous repetition of history if, after bringing disaster on France by allowing himself to be bamboozled by Mussolini for a year, this discredited politician were to re-emerge as the saviour of his country, and were to put France through another long period of dupery and self-deception. For it is doubtful if France could survive another year of Laval. And the country as a whole knows it. Even so, the game played by the Right is very odd, and deserves to be watched.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, September 7th.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE NEW DEAL

DOES it belong to the tragic chapter of things that have happened once before—this eclipse of President Roosevelt by the conventional politicians of Washington? No two men could present a sharper contrast than Mr. Wilson and the great Democrat who followed him after a long interval of reaction. The tight, introverted Presbyterian with his scholarly gift for marshalling eloquent ideas in memorable phrases seemed to fail because he could never touch his fellows with a warm and understanding hand. The expansive tactician with the legendary smile has everything that Wilson lacked—intuitive strategy and the power of winning the affection both of individuals and millions. If he improvises and experiments where the other followed an academic and deductive train of thought, that should be no disadvantage at Washington. Yet the conquering smile seems to carry this contemporary President no farther than the logic and the periods of his cold predecessor. He, too, faces eclipse and impotence early in his second term. Each man in his own way was dynamic. Each for a time wrenched the American Republic out of its traditional course. Wilson smashed the heritage of isolation handed down by Washington himself. Roosevelt seemed to have destroyed the ingrained habit of *laisser faire*, and swung this individualistic political system into a great effort of construction. Each used for his purpose a brief period of emotional disturbance, for the European war shook men, even across the Atlantic, out of their inertia as powerfully as the Great Slump. The return of a relative but factitious prosperity is doing to-day what a peace sodden with disillusion did before. The older pattern of thought reasserts its empire, and with it the routine politicians regain their power. It used to be said that Wilson let America slip out of the League of Nations because, with his head in the air, he neglected to smile on a few jealous Senators. But Roosevelt, with all his winning arts, has done no better. What we are witnessing is something bigger and more significant. It is the failure for the second time of the Hero as Politician.

To speak of failure may seem premature. The loss of the

Bill for the reform of the Supreme Court was a heavy blow to this leader's prestige, but was it necessarily mortal? With a tactical adroitness, irritating because of its very ingenuity, the President had assailed the legend that is the nucleus of the whole American myth. The Supreme Court plays the part of the Father in Freudian psychology to the timid, conservative, average man of the United States. It is what the Monarchy is for England and the inspired Führer for contemporary Germany. To assail this myth, when Roosevelt launched his long-delayed attack after his triumph in November, seemed as necessary as it was audacious. But no sooner had he hurled his challenge than the necessity vanished, for in judgment after judgment the intimidated Court reversed itself and swung into line with modern thought. Nor was that all, for the resignation of Mr. Justice van Devanter made an opportunity for the creation of a solid progressive majority. In this situation it was easy for conservative Democrats in the Senate to join the revolt against the President. His Bill, they could argue, was superfluous; the New Deal was safe enough without it.

The sequel has thrown in retrospect new light on this revolt. Under its specious arguments lay an intention to destroy the President's leadership and with it the New Deal. That is the irresistible inference from the record of the barren session of Congress that has just come to an end. After an Act to stop up certain loopholes for the evasion of income-tax and the rather embarrassing "cash and carry" Neutrality Act, nothing emerges to satisfy the hunger of the masses who gave the New Deal its second chance, save an Act to promote working-class housing. In few of the fields that Europe long ago handed over to the State is this Republic so backward, thanks to vested interests and the prejudices of rugged individualism. Whatever the defects of the measure, it was an innovation to declare that this is a matter of Federal concern. The scheme included modest subsidies, which would have the effect of rendering the Federal loan of £100,000,000 virtually interest-free. Congress, however, mauled the Bill without mercy, and revealed in the process its jealousy of any non-political civil service and its master-passion for the making and exploitation of jobs.

If what Congress did was thus significant, what it refused to do was still more so. With the customary excuse that Washington is hot (though Congress works in air-conditioned rooms) it rose without passing any of the major measures of the President's social programme. Among the abandoned wreckage lie the Wages and Hours Bill, its companion the ambitious Agricultural Adjustment Bill, and a vital scheme for the rearrangement and expansion of the whole Federal administrative machine. Since this last project would have endowed the United States with an adequate professional civil service, it is fairly obvious that Congressmen in hanging it up had their eyes rather on the "pork-barrel" than on the thermometer, and were thinking even more of their asset of patronage than of the comfort of their elderly persons.

The Wages and Hours Bill was in conception not unlike the starting point of the Living Wage Scheme which Mr. MacDonald and Transport House rejected with such scorn, when the I.L.P. propounded it twelve years ago. It set a norm for wages and hours ($16 a week and 40 hours) to which all trades must eventually conform, and created a Board whose function it was to fix the steps and pace by which it should be reached, and to make the inevitable adjustments and exceptions. The figure of $16 is not a high standard as things go in the more advanced States, but it would have had a mighty effect in raising the standard of life of the Deep South, where there are regions that approach Spain in their hopeless, anaemic poverty. Better, however, a rather low general norm, than the recognition of varying standards. That, however, was what the Southern Democratic Congressmen would not tolerate; their textile mills, like their cotton fields, depend on sweated labour, and even on child labour. Their amendments would have wrecked the Bill, if it had ever reached the floor of the whole House. The States would have preserved their varying standards, and child labour in some measure would have survived.

But what, the reader may ask, is the use of fixing a norm for nominal wages unless the cost of living can be controlled? That was, in part, the function of the other abandoned Bill that dealt with agriculture. Long ago in a talk with Secretary Wallace (to my thinking the most powerful creative mind in the President's circle) I had caught a glimpse of the broad outlines of the plan. Mr. Wallace was disturbed because, up to date, all his planning and controlling of crops and live-stock had aimed at scarcity. But, he insisted, his mechanism of control could as well be reversed and used for an economy of plenty. To achieve this, however, the first essential was to raise the effective demand for food, clothing and shelter of the submerged third of the population, above all the proletariat of the Southern States. That, then, was the purpose of the Wages and Hours Bill. Parallel with it the Agricultural Adjustment Bill aimed first at restoring, in a new and more constructive form, the machinery of control that the Supreme Court had shattered. But this time, as a new stream of purchasing power from the pay-rolls of the sweated third began to play upon the market, Mr. Wallace would change the direction, and control with abundance in view. If the dual planning were skilfully done from a powerful centre, prices, it was argued, should not rise. One asks, of course, whether in this decentralised land the planning centre could have adequate power; whether the relatively modest provision of subsidised workers' dwellings would suffice to check a rise in the cost of shelter; and finally, how, even if foodstuffs and raw cotton were under adequate control, industrial prices could be checked. But while noting these queries, let us concede that in its broad conception the outline of the idea behind these twin measures was sound. One must add, in parenthesis, that the agricultural plan had an even bolder sweep, for it aimed at constructive measures, on the Tennessee Valley model, to fight the creeping death by soil-erosion that threatens the fertility of this Continent.

This, then, is the social programme that the rebels in the Democratic ranks, chiefly the Southern contingent, have managed to postpone. No one who surveys the whole scene, and tracks out the obscure manoeuvres of procedure by which this delay was won, can doubt that the intention is to destroy and not merely to gain time. Given this state of mind in a big section of the President's own party, is it not probable that all this legislation will be sabotaged in Committee, even if he can drive Congress to pass it, either next session or in a special autumn session? He can and will appeal to the nation through radio talks in the meanwhile, but the numerical test of the trend of public opinion will not come till the Mid-Term elections, that lie more than a year ahead. Is there, in the present phase of relative but unstable prosperity, due mainly to great governmental expenditure, an organised mass of opinion that can intimidate the rebels—for the widespread panic that first gave the New Deal its chance is long since spent? One is up against the too familiar basic fact of American politics, that its two-party system has a meaning in terms of history, but answers to no rational bisection on lines of class-interest or even of opinion. By charm and tactics, with the panic of the slump behind him, the President had till this session dodged that difficulty. Now it faces him.

What now are his tactics, and what forces can he mobilise? His tactics, so far as he has yet disclosed them, seem to reveal the congenital politician, whose grasp of the central economic reality is uncertain. His coming campaign, it is announced, will deal mainly with the Supreme Court. That evidently was the defeat that rankled; about the social programme he seems to care less. He yields, moreover, when some compromise is inevitable, at the fatally wrong point. For after some resistance he has agreed to lavish financial aid on the cotton growers, before any control over prices is even in sight. But the weakest aspect of his leadership lies in his relations with the militant vanguard of the Labour movement. Under John Lewis it is making the first effective struggle in our day

for industrial organisation. The Wagner Act has been a powerful aid to it in the battle for recognition. In some States and cities authority for the first time in the history of this Republic has refrained from backing property and has even shown its sympathy with men who struck to secure their legal rights. Some little violence there has been here and there on the men's side, but the balance has been overwhelmingly the other way. In seven months twenty-four strikers have been killed, and only one policeman, while official investigations have proved that some of the biggest capitalist concerns still resort to all the old devices of terrorism—the hiring of thugs, prohibition of Union activities and victimisation of active Union members. Yet when the President personally intervened, it was only to say (in so many words) " a plague on both your houses," and to talk platitudes about the common interests of Capital and Labour. It is not surprising that Mr. Lewis has turned on the President in fury, and asked: Was it for this that his organisation made its big gift to the Democratic war chest, and cast for the President and his party its decisive mass-vote?

It is much too soon to speculate whether the Democratic Party will once more evade the always inevitable split. It would be equally premature to ask whether John Lewis can make of his industrial Unions the nucleus of a Labour Party, and, what is even more doubtful, whether he can fuse it into a solid combination with the farmers. The problem of the foreground in American politics is whether anyone, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lewis or another, can create the equivalent of a People's Front. One is not sure that Mr. Roosevelt, who thinks incorrigibly on the plane of ethics, has the realism to do it. It may be that no one, not even this gifted tactician, could shape the Democratic Party to the required pattern. Southern landowners and industrialists cannot be pressed into this mould. But on the solution of this problem turns the future of the New Deal and American liberalism. One seems to be watching property creeping back into visible possession of the seats of power from which the President never dislodged it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

THERE is some light relief to be found in watching the grotesque wriggling of the pro-Fascist press as it discovers that the ambitions of Italy, Germany and Japan may not always coincide with British interests. Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook are shocked at the " war mongering " allegations in the *News Chronicle* and elsewhere that the pirate submarine is Italian. The *Evening Standard* began by solemnly arguing that it could not be Italian, but must be " Red "; then, having apparently learnt that Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay knew the submarine to be Italian, the *Evening Standard* argued that since it was in Franco's service it did not matter, and was no pirate. And what a shock the Far East has been! Do you remember how the *Times* and *Telegraph*, as well as the less responsible Conservative papers, excused the Japanese invasion of Manchuria? It was to restore order, to punish bandits, to suppress Communism, to help the Chinese—it was anything, in fact, except war, because war meant a League obligation to give at least diplomatic and economic support to China against Japan. Now these papers are solemnly lecturing Japan for making war without declaring it. Japan naturally replies by thumbing its nose. In the same way about Germany, the Ebbutt incident so far wrought upon the *Times* that it took open cognisance of Herr Bohle and his organisation of foreign spies and warned Germany not to appoint Nazi " cultural agents " to act from the German Embassy in London. If people on the Left complain that the political world is difficult for them just now, they can at least find some unsatisfying satisfaction in the political embarrassments of the Right—which, let it be remembered, has been in power during these decisive years.

During the slump the deliberate destruction of vast quantities of the good things of life, which the poor need but which the rich did not find it profitable to sell to them, was excused on the ground that it was a temporary expedient. Now we have the boom. Yet the process of destruction continues. Take these facts from the official *Food Industries Weekly* for August 20th. Brazil has more than half the five billion coffee trees in the world, and produces about half the world's supply, amounting during the last six years to an average of 26,500,000 bags of 132 lb. each. The total demand is only 25 million bags. Therefore, even if 40 per cent. of the crop is stored and 30 per cent. sold, there is still 30 per cent. to destroy. Since the farmers are naturally reluctant to burn their trees, the Government buys the 30 per cent. for destruction. It tried mixing it with tar and burning it as fuel. This proved expensive. So apart from direct burning of crops, which according to reports surrounds São Paulo and Rio with white smoke, it gets rid of most of the surplus in the sea. It comes in bags to the wharves of Rio, is watched over by police guards in case anyone wanting coffee should try to get it before it is destroyed, and then the bags are slit open, poured into ship's bins, taken out to sea still under police guard (someone might sell it or give it away) and the berries are then shovelled into the sea. Germany, the report adds, recently made an offer for the surplus coffee, but apparently not a good enough offer. Anyway, Brazil turned the offer down and is now inviting foreign chemical companies to experiment in making coffee into fertilisers, cardboard, rayon and other products. A very odd system, Capitalism.

* * *

I find that now I rarely go a train journey without buying a sixpenny book to read on the way. The habit has grown on me almost without my being aware of it. Shakespeare, detective novels, essays, even a book of history (Halévy's *English People*)—there is no end to the variety of these little series. How many good books—some of them well known, but not to me—I have encountered in this way! But for the ease with which one picks up a Penguin I should probably never have heard of that excellent book *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, certainly I should never have read it. Cheapness appeals to everybody, even to those who can afford more; at 6*d*. one is inclined to take risks. I am attracted by a new venture called the Readers' Union, which will reissue cheaply to its members recent books which for one reason or another may have been overlooked by the larger public. It is something between a book society and a Penguin library—without many of the disadvantages of the former. For half a crown one will get, perhaps, a twelve-shilling book which critics have praised a few months before and which would not in the ordinary way reach a cheaper edition for years. It should catch the public which makes a habit of buying " remainders," and the reader who wants something more solid than the diet of fiction served out by the Book Society. It is in fact the equivalent of the " general release " in films. The first two books to be published by the Readers' Union are *Tsushima: Grave of a Floating City* by A. S. Novikoff-Priboy, and *The Wheel Turns* by Gian Dauli. The first I know nothing of; the second is a realistic novel of modern Italy which received a two-column review in these pages. It looks as though the list will be interesting. The Readers' Union is non-political and has the general support of publishers; their books are well printed and bound in pliable boards; it is calculated that 20,000 members will be needed to make the scheme pay. This seems to me a very useful and workable venture in co-operation.

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You may remember a letter from the village of Spuffle which I quoted a few weeks ago. The writer was naturally indignant at the suggestion that some of the Basque children should accompany the village boys and girls on an outing to the seaside. I have now received another letter apparently from the same correspondent:

On Monday I took a basket and went, as I always do at this season, to a quiet lane near by, where the blackberries are the best in the district. Alas! before I could enter it, shouts of coarse and excited merriment warned me that something untoward was happening. But, confident of the propriety of my action, the hedge being on my brother's land, I pressed on, to find thirty or forty dark, foreign children stripping the bushes with devilish thoroughness, while uttering loud discordant cries of encouragement to one another. There was a woman, an Englishwoman I regret to say, in charge to whom I protested strongly, but she merely said that the lane was public and the blackberries were wild. "Not so wild as these Bolshevist children, Madam," I replied, and went back to the village and called at the policeman's house. He was in, though surely he should have been on duty, and he pretended that he could not interfere and that these hordes of foreign invaders were within the law!!! In vain I pointed out that I pay rates and taxes. I charged him with Red sympathies and told him I would write to our Member.

On second thoughts I did not do that, remembering how he saved my Clarissa when she fell in the water butt, and didn't complain when she scratched him, but I spoke to my neighbour Colonel Batserine Belfree, a born leader of men. He told me that it is all due to the Government's failure to be really neutral. He reminded me of outrages by the Basquing Whales, reported on the wireless only last Saturday night. He says they are well-known Red monsters sent from Moscow by way of Bilbao to overturn small craft and destroy British holidaymakers, and he knows what he is talking about. I am, Sir, modestly, but for Spuffle, A SPUFFLER

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Mr. Priestley tells me that he is very much annoyed by a phrase that appeared last week in this journal. He is a serious as well as a successful dramatist and he had not just picked up the ideas about time he uses in *Time and the Conways* from a chance perusal of "Mr. Dunne's *Experiment with Time* in the train." On the contrary. When Dunne's book first came out he wrote a review of it which is still constantly quoted; he is an old friend of Mr. Dunne and has often discussed his theory with him. Moreover, he has long been fascinated by theories of time, has read all the books on the subject he could get hold of and as much of the Einstein literature as can be mastered without higher mathematics. Clearly the suggestion that the idea came from half an hour's skipping of Dunne's book does Priestley an injustice. My only surprise is that he should expect justice even in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The confiding young begin by expecting justice; they are soon disillusioned by the indifference or sniffs of reviewers. That is as far as most of us get. We learn that the world is not just or appreciative; we cease to hope for justice and are grateful for a little kindness. But—and I speak from a good deal of observation of the Great—when you become really successful and important, your early illusions seem to come back and you again hope that at some time, somewhere or other, someone will give you your due.

* * *

I have just come across the final proof of the superiority of the country to the town and the countryman to the townsman. I am informed by a big manufacturer that all ploughs and threshing machines, have to be brilliantly painted in blues and reds, because farmers would not think of buying them if they were dull and brown to look at. In towns—particularly in provincial England—it remains true that people do voluntarily and commonly paint their woodwork (and sometimes even metal windows and frames) a terrible chocolate colour. I have known people who did not realise until they were approaching thirty that there was any other colour that a respectable God-fearing person could have their doors painted except brown, usually highly varnished chocolate but occasionally, even worse, what is called "grained." I have a friend who puts most of the maladies of England down to this deplorable tradition. People will tell you it's something to do with the weather and economy. But it's not. They have brown paint inside as well as outside because, as they say, it's "serviceable"; but they mean because they've been so brought up that they assume that anything gay is exotic or wicked, so mentally warped that it has never occurred to them to think of the design and the beauty of the rooms they live and condemn others to live in. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Centurion.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

I dislike giving any lad a caning. Every time I feel sick and have to take a nip of whisky afterwards. I do, however, believe that caning does much good.—Monsignor Brown, of Hanwell, in the *Sunday Express*.

At the start of the meeting the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, Mr. E. Purser, criticised a B.B.C. item.

"I think it was a tragedy," he said, "that the British Association meeting should have been heralded by such an exhibition of bad taste as we heard on the B.B.C. on Saturday night. The stalactites and stalagmites in the Cheddar Caves were made the butt of music-hall jokes."—Report of British Association meeting in *Daily Telegraph*.

The cinema . . . serves the proletariat as well as the middle classes. So long as we have the cinema and commercialised football, the proletariat will give no trouble to their masters in England. —Rev. J. C. Hardwick at the Conference of Modern Churchmen, reported in *Morning Post*.

Mr. J. T. Quinton (Wallasey) stated that in many places Belisha crossings led directly from one side of the road to the main entrance of a public house. (Cries of "No.") It was time they took some other direction.—*Yorkshire Post*.

By the way, while Jupiter is in its present position there is an exceptional opportunity for those who are keen on insurance in various forms.

Make it your business to provide for the future in this way, and if you happen to have been born early in January, early in May, or early in September, the stars will co-operate with the insurance company for your benefit.—*Sunday Express*.

Haven't you noticed that for some little time past Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose have been wearing hats far more often than was at one time the case? The Queen likes her little daughters to run about bareheaded when the weather is sufficiently favourable, and her example has been so widely followed that traders found their sales of children's hats declining very seriously indeed. It was then decided by members of the affected trade to approach Her Majesty upon the subject, and point out to her the loss from which they were suffering. Her Majesty listened with a smile, agreed with the point they made, and promised that in future when she took her daughters anywhere in public she would see to it that they were duly wearing hats.—*Home Chat*.

I may say that I have shaken hands with Laurel and Hardy, and have a personally signed photo of Charles Chaplin, and also I have a piece of turf from the churchyard where the ex-rector of Stiffkey (Mr. Davidson) is buried.

A MODERN DAUGHTER OF A MODERN MOTHER

—Letter in *Yorkshire Telegraph and Saturday Evening*.

INTERNAL BALANCE

PHYSICO-CHEMICAL explanations of physiological happenings have been of great practical service. Unfortunately, few people—few even of those whose specialist art or craft is based on physiology—have realised or remembered the purposeful artificiality of the scientific method. Things and processes essentially interrelated are, for convenience of study, treated as though they were separate and mutually independent. In text-book after text-book—especially in those most widely read—the human body and its workings are compared with a man-made machine. So long as we are considering segregated activities and processes—the bits of bodily specialism—as though they were truly independent, the analogy is often helpful. But the human body is not composed of independent parts, stable "within wide limits of immediate

environment." Man is a unity, itself a harmonious blend of living units—a harmony utterly different from, and of far greater complexity than is found in anything devised by man himself.

Although we as composite beings have considerable power of adjustment to widely varying external circumstance, the individual cells of which we are composed have no such power. That they may continue to live, their environment has to be maintained at an almost uniform temperature, chemical composition, density and alkalinity. A very slight change in the temperature or in the chemical composition of the fluid in which they are bathed spells for them death.

It is only through our ability to provide a constant internal environment that we are able to exist and thrive amidst differing and varying external environments. "It is the fixity of the *milieu intérieur* which is the condition of free and independent life," wrote Claude Bernard, and "all the vital mechanisms, however varied they may be, have only one object, that of preserving constant the conditions of life in the internal environment."

The comparative smoothness of our internal workings seems all the more remarkable when we remember the vulnerability of our bodies. As Walter Cannon has written:

> When we consider the extreme instability of our bodily structure, its readiness for disturbance by the slightest application of external forces and the rapid onset of its decomposition as soon as favoring circumstances are withdrawn, its persistence through many decades seems almost miraculous.

Yet it is the very instability of our parts that enables us to preserve the relative stability of our internal environment. As was said by Richet, nearly half a century ago: "In a sense, the living being is stable because it is modifiable—the slight instability is the necessary condition for the true stability of the organism."

There is, even among the otherwise informed, widespread ignorance of the nature and the structure of the human body. Thus few people know even the elementary fact that the body is made up of many millions of units or cells, each one of which is a living organism, highly complicated both structurally and functionally; and it is interesting that, although we are in the habit of regarding ourselves as air-breathing, land animals, these living cells of which we are an organised and harmonised conglomerate, are essentially water animals, living in, and dependent on, a salty fluid medium not very unlike the water of the sea. Very few of these cells are brought into direct contact with what we ordinarily speak of as our environment —that is, our external environment.

Nor does the bloodstream itself directly come into contact with all the individual cells of the body. These exist in a kind of marsh, the lymph-like fluid of which is constantly supplemented by the oozing of plasma (charged with food and oxygen) from the minutest branches of the arteries; and at the same pace drains away (now charged with the waste products of cellular activity) into the tiniest branches of the veins. The blood is thus, primarily, a carrying medium, bringing nourishment and oxygen and warmth to the living cells and bearing away the waste products that, if left to stagnate, quickly act as poisons. But it carries more than nourishment and oxygen and heat and katabolic products. It also transmits messages whereby the multifarious activities of the cells are harmonised. It is through the blood stream that the so-called hormones are distributed—notably the products of the various endocrine glands—thyroxin (which largely determines the pace of metabolic activity, involving psychic and physical alertness or stagnation); pituitrin and adrenalin (influencing among other things the tone of the small arteries, and, therefore, the blood distribution); insulin (an inadequacy of which spells diabetes), and so on.

Very far from mere mechanism is the psycho-physiological organisation managing the distribution of the blood from moment to moment, and at the same time securing the maintenance of an adequate blood-pressure. The potential capacity of the blood-vessels is altogether greater than the total volume of the blood. Consequently, if anything more than a mere sluggish, canal-like flow is to be maintained, the calibre of the majority of the vessels must, at any given time, be reduced to well below their full dilatability. If all of our arterioles and capillaries simultaneously lost their "tone" and became fully dilated, we should promptly faint owing to the inability of the blood to reach the brain; and, if the condition lasted for any length of time, we should die. Normally, however, the distribution of the blood is, with almost uncanny "wisdom" arranged according to temporary need. When we are engaged in active muscular work or exercise, the blood-vessels supplying the muscles of our limbs "open up," so that these acting parts may have plenty of oxygen and fuel; whilst very little blood passes through the abdominal organs concerned with digestion. The surface vessels also contract. When we are frightened or angry, the same thing happens in anticipation of the musuclar activity likely to be called for. The temporary "bloodlessness" of the skin explains the common phrases, "pale with anger," "pale with fear." When we are engaged in eating and digesting a good meal, the reverse distribution of the blood obtains. The abdominal blood-vessels are fully charged, whilst those of the limbs and of the brain are partly closed down. The hygienic implications are fairly obvious. But the relevant point here is that, in spite of all these divergent activities, the pressure of the blood in the arteries quickly returns to its normal.

Take again, the specialised action of the kidney cells, which play a most important part in the maintenance of that internal balance on which the life of every cell in the body depends. Their activities cannot be adequately explained along chemical, physical or mechanical lines. They exercise something which, in a conscious being, we should call judgment and discretion. The fluids brought to them are not just filtered through an inanimate membrane, but are assessed and sifted with an astounding minuteness. The special task of the kidneys, like that of other of our organs, is to help to maintain a constant or normal density and composition of the blood. They remove from the blood those things which, if left, would constitute excess, being careful at the same time not to remove those ingredients which are present in normal proportion. Even when quarts of water are drunk, the blood is not measurably diluted, the excess being eliminated by the kidneys as fast as it is absorbed from the intestine. So, again, after prolonged sweating, when much water is lost to the body through the skin, the blood does not become measurably more concentrated—though, in extreme cases, the "solid" tissues may be somewhat depleted of water. When the blood contains but its normal amount of sugar, none is removed by the kidneys. When, however, as in diabetes, there is in the blood excess of sugar unusable by the tissues or unstorable by the liver, then the kidneys do their utmost to remove the excess; so that there is, in such cases, often twenty times more sugar in the urine than in the blood. Similar "discretion" and discrimination are shown in relation to the blood's salinity.

Some idea of the sensitivity of the balances and measuring instruments with which we are by nature equipped may be gathered from the facts that the eye is sensitive to an amount of energy less than one two-thousandth of the energy required to affect the most rapid photographic plate; and that, according to Cannon, the sensory surface in the nose is affected by one part by weight of vanillin in ten million parts of air. The sensitivity of our internal thermometers is shown by the fact that, even when a man is exposed to external dry heat of a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, his internal temperature—that is the temperature of his blood—scarcely rises above its normal of ninety-eight or ninety-nine degrees. Equally, when the external temperature falls to very many degrees below freezing point, the blood is still maintained at its normal level of temperature.

Heat is constantly being produced within us, apart from obvious external movements. When we are occupied in active exercise, heat production is greatly increased. Indeed, it has been estimated that, if the heat produced in strenuous

muscular movement, continued for half an hour, were not disposed of, the temperature of the blood would reach a level at which white of egg would coagulate. Naturally the life of any organism, to say nothing of man, would cease long before such a point could be reached. In the brain, however, is a heat-regulating centre which, by determining the amount of blood to be sent to the surface of the body for cooling purposes, is able to maintain an almost constant level of blood warmth.

We should not, however, think of the specialised organs of the human body as playing no other part in life than that of doing their particular bit towards the maintenance of internal balance. In fact, their activities are numerous. They, like all the cells in the body, carry on their own lives in harmony with the lives of all the other parts of that conglomerate body of which they are units or groups of units. These specific structures, unlike specialised parts of a machine, are, indeed, themselves dependent for their own continued existence on the very conditions of equilibrium which they help to maintain.

HARRY ROBERTS

Correspondence

PRICE OF FUR

SIR,—Discussions concerning the treatment of animals always seem to end up with unanswerable questions about animal feelings. No one can tell what an animal feels, or whether a fox "prefers" to be hunted, shot or trapped. The very word "prefer" implies a conscious mental activity with which it is surely quite wrong to credit most animals, if not all. I dislike blood sports not because I think them particularly cruel: they seem to me to expose animals usually to cruelties no greater than those they encounter in the course of wild natural life. I dislike them because of the ugly behaviour they demand of the human beings who pursue them. Similarly, there is no way of judging whether current methods of breeding silver foxes in captivity are cruel, as Mr. Grant Watson believes, or not cruel, as Mr. C. K. Brown suggests. But surely it needs no logical judgment, but only a kind of *taste*, to feel that there is something ugly and distorted about a method of keeping foxes in raised wire cages out of contact with the earth?

This practice seems to resemble closely the battery system of poultry-farming, which keeps hens permanently shut up in pens, also raised above the ground, with no freedom to run or scratch or feed themselves. The hens may appear to be happy and healthy (though I believe health troubles are rather frequent in these battery farms), but the taste of those who breed hens in batteries seems to me quite obviously diseased. No one with an imaginative feeling for the natural relationship of animals to human society can like the spectacle of animals turned into the prisoners of a mechanism ingeniously devised to extract a maximum profit from their bodily functions. I should apply just the same argument to performing animals, with the possible exception of circus horses.

It is impossible to prove that these ways of treating animals are ugly, just as it is impossible to prove that a particular house or painting or street scene is ugly. But many people do agree about such things; and I believe that these same people, if they approached various ways of treating animals from the same imaginative standpoint, would also agree that some ways are pleasant, or at least inoffensive, and that others—usually those which exploit animals for amusement or quick profit—are ugly in themselves and degrading to the society which applies them.

Birch Hay, Chelsfield, Kent. CHARLES DAVY

SIR,—Your correspondent's description of keeping farmed foxes on wire netting floors in Norway is certainly cruel; though their method of killing by a blow on the nose is probably more humane than the old method of standing on the heart, which usually took about two minutes before life became extinct.

There are over 10,000 silver fox farms in North America and more than 250 in England. In America they are now killed by an injection, and in England by a lethal box or chamber, both of which methods may be considered humane. At all these farms the foxes are allowed to run about on the ground as in a chicken run, which is far less cruel than the Norwegian method.

Personally I am not in favour of any farmed furs—thinking it wrong to keep wild animals in captivity and then kill them when they are in their prime merely to pander to the edicts of fashion. There are so many quite beautiful fur fabrics now which can be worn instead, and with a suitable lining all the warmth which is required may be obtained.

If I was to ask a woman "why she wanted to get herself up like a gamekeeper's vermin pole," I should probably make myself extremely unpopular—but, that is what they look like to those who have studied trapping as I have done. Remember that the trap lines are often 80 miles long, and have to be visited on foot; so that an animal is often left suffering the intense torture of the thumb screw, and the consequent thirst that it entails, for over a week.

As I know there are very many people who will insist on wearing real furs, I issue my leaflets which include a White List of those furs which have been obtained with the least suffering. I have just had 100,000 of these distributed from house to house in London, which has left my funds £25 in debt. So I should be grateful to any readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who could send me help, so that I may carry on this fight against what is undoubtedly the greatest mass martyrdom in the world to-day. For the present I have been obliged to call a halt.

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants. C. VAN DER BYL (Major), The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.

SIR,—Mr. C. K. Brown's letter on the sufferings of animals is so reasonable and full of truth that I have little to say against it. Animals do not suffer in the way men suffer. In any case suffering is inevitable, and it is as futile to cry out against it as to protest against life itself. What I have tried to suggest in my articles is that the ruthless and unimaginative attitude towards the lives of animals, which will exploit them by the thousands for the satisfaction of human vanities, is a thing to be deplored. We, as human beings, lose some portion of our own dignity when we cease to recognise that animals have also their own qualities, which we should be able to appreciate and respect. When we are aware of the unique qualities of animals, we will not willingly see them outraged and made subject to the mechanism of large commercial enterprises, which consider only the dead assets and not the living quality. In the pursuit of the dead assets great cruelty is often, though not always, inflicted on the living substance. Although animals are not so sensitive as men, it is obvious to any observer that they can experience pain and misery, and it is also obvious that extra suffering is readily inflicted if better commercial results can by this means be obtained. We should not allow the unpleasantness of this fact to be ousted from our consciousness by the consoling thought that animals do not suffer in the same sensitive self-conscious way as do men.

Wenham, Rogate, Petersfield. E. L. GRANT WATSON

SIR,—In your current issue, a correspondent, C. K. Brown, appears to support the view dear to the seventeenth-century theologians, that animals are incapable of reason and almost insensitive to pain.

Last spring, I was staying with my Alsatian bitch at a guest house. During the week she was supplied with a pound of meat daily, which was issued to her in half pounds at 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. On the day of our departure, I proceeded to pack the car at 2.30. Observing me do this, the bitch promptly went to the kitchen and demanded the remaining half-pound of meat. On other occasions, when the cat lay in ambush for her behind a half-opened door, the same bitch entered the room backwards, sweeping the cat aside with her powerful tail. These incidents (selected from hundreds) suggest the existence of a reasoning faculty.

Whether the Catholic priests and the pseudo-scientists are correct in asserting that animals do not feel pain, dogs at least certainly *fear* pain. They tremble when lifted on to the operating table. I saw some miserable performing dogs hide themselves when the trainer produced a fiery chariot in which they were forced to drive round the stage. If C. K. Brown steps firmly on the tail of a bulldog, he will be satisfied by his own and the animal's reactions that both kinds of animal are susceptible to pain.

The exception he makes in favour of the higher apes is presumably made in the interest of theologians and a certain kind of scientist. The theory that animals do not suffer has always struck me as the wickedest theory which ever proceeded from the diabolic brain. EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

12 Durham Terrace, W.2.

CHURCH PARADES

SIR,—" Critic " is quite right about compulsory Church Parade being a deterrent to recruits. Nothing is more hated in the army. Mr. Thurtle asked the War Secretary about it last year and Mr. Duff Cooper replied that the question had been recently " considered by the interdepartmental advisory committee on the Army Chaplaincy Services, on which the various churches were represented. They were of the unanimous opinion that compulsory Church Parades should be retained." So would the lions have decided if the desirability of continuing to throw Christians to them had been in question. The poor soldiers, those chiefly concerned, were apparently not represented on this committee.

Another army parade quite out of keeping with modern ideas is the Identification Parade. Any body of troops can be paraded for inspection by complainants to give them an opportunity of trying to identify a culprit. This appears a quite unjustifiable advantage to take of a soldier's subservience to discipline.

The branch of the War Office which deals with the enlistment and treatment of soldiers has for the last fifty years been staffed by officers of indifferent capacity. The General Staff naturally takes the pick of staff officers and the duties of the Quartermaster-General's branch are, even in peace time, of such a nature that any pronounced inefficiency would be exposed. For the duffers and doctrinaries there remains the Adjutant-General's department. But what is the use of the best plans if there are insufficient troops to carry them out? This branch of the War Office requires drastic overhaul.

H. P. GARWOOD

38 Hurlingham Court, S.W.6.

NEWMAN AND KINGSLEY

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer, reviewing the new *Life of Charles Kingsley*, writes with his customary brilliance and point, but I do not see how we are to accept his view of the Newman-Kingsley affair. This, the most singular personal encounter of the century, has been strangely dealt with by historians and critics. Mr. Mortimer, like so many others, is severe upon Kingsley: " He behaved like a cad, because he thought like a fool "; he collapsed " because he had not a leg to stand on."

Now we may agree that it would be absurd to attempt a defence of Kingsley on points. His letters were wretched. He did not seem to know when he was withdrawing a charge and when repeating it. His comment on the *Apologia*, quoted by Mr. Mortimer, was like hundreds of other passages from his pen, exactly the sort of thing that a trained disputant prays for his opponent to produce. But let us look at the important facts.

Kingsley, in a review of Froude's History (1864), was rash enough to write: " Truth, for its own sake, has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be." Challenged by Newman, he cited as the basis of his accusation a sermon on " Wisdom and Innocence," No. 20 in *Sermons on Subjects of the Day* (1844). He offered, on being shown that he had wronged Newman, to retract the statement as publicly as he had made it. But Kingsley's retractation was grudging and muddled, and he followed it up with a pamphlet, *What, then, does Dr. Newman Mean?* The retort came in the shape of two pamphlets from Newman, dealing fiercely with Kingsley's methods, and then the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Newman wrote the whole in what appeared to be a white heat of anger in defence of his intellectual honour. He let himself go in a display of satiric humour, which came as a most surprising outburst from the Oratory, Birmingham. And yet, says Dr. Wilfrid Ward, his biographer, " the overmastering passion which carried his readers away was not real but simulated." Newman, that is to say, deliberately adopted a special technique, of contemptuous denunciation, for the purpose of overwhelming his antagonist; and in that purpose, of course, he succeeded.

Kingsley put himself wrong with his public, particularly, by speaking as though he were precluded from using, on the question at issue, any other of Newman's writings, and doing just this in his pamphlet. He quoted largely from Sermon 20, from the lectures on Anglican difficulties, and from the Lives of the Saints issued under Newman's editorship before he went over. He chose his excerpts with damaging effect (see the controversy as set out in the Oxford Press reprint of the *Apologia*, 1913). He showed that Newman had written, and sanctioned, many things that his admirers could not fail to deplore. Newman's rage (*pace* Dr. Ward) was terrific; and he met this powerful if hasty attack, how? By expending many pages upon the question whether Kingsley had called him a fool and a knave, and whether Sermon 20 was a Protestant or a Romish utterance, and then riding off on that unique history of his religious opinions by which innumerable readers have since been charmed and harrowed. Newman was a man of wonderful gifts and (save, perhaps, in 1864–5) of corresponding graces. But I respectfully submit that the acceptance, on almost all sides, of his answer to Kingsley as a crushing dialectical victory and a triumphant personal vindication must be regarded as one of the Victorian mysteries.

Kingsley—the Newfoundland dog of Mr. Mortimer's apt simile—could do nothing in self-defence, and the case was allowed to go by default in an England that gloried in theological conflict. Why was this? The answer always given is twofold: (1), that no rebuttal was possible, and (2), that everybody was sorry for poor Kingsley after that astonishing castigation. There was, manifestly, plenty more to be said; and I venture to suggest a different explanation. The English church public was awed by Newman's fame, and by so startling a re-emergence after twenty years of seclusion. The Liberals were afraid of his pen, and of his young allies. And behind it all was a feeling of concern, and compassion, for the extraordinary being now revealed, in a torment of memory and broken loyalties. For that feeling, widespread in the 1860s, there was more than ample warrant, as the Lives of Newman were later to make known.

Whiteleaf, S. K. RATCLIFFE

Princes Risborough.

GIDE AND FEUCHTWANGER

SIR,—Although numerous facts proclaim to the Heavens the difference between the Soviet Union and the Fascist dictator States, there are still a number of people who claim to see a likeness between the two systems. Sometimes, of course, the confusion is fostered deliberately by enemies of the Soviet Union. These people seek to make the U.S.S.R. share some of the widespread repugnance of the Fascist States. Now I would not presume to say that your reviewer of Lion Feuchtwanger's book belongs to this group; but he does attempt to make us believe in the similarity between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union; and he does present Feuchtwanger's book as an unwitting endorsement of this. But if there is anything which Feuchtwanger's little book does make clear it is the absolute difference between Nazi Germany and the U.S.S.R. Unfortunately your reviewer does not let Feuchtwanger's book speak for itself nor give us, by quotation or description, a fair picture of what Feuchtwanger does say. For example, Feuchtwanger has some hard words for the wavering intellectuals who welcome the opportunity to attack the Soviet Union. It would seem the cap did fit, judging by your reviewer's bad temper. " It is not difficult to find fault with the Soviet Union, and it earns the fault-finders much approbation. There are both material and moral defects which are easy to discover; they are not concealed. . . ." Feuchtwanger found fault, but made his criticisms while he was there. Gide waited till he had returned home.

Your reviewer also complains that the book does not answer Gide in any detail, a very unreasonable complaint, since that was not its aim. But the book certainly is an antidote to Gide. Your reviewer says that thousands of Left-wing people have been disillusioned by Gide's book. Despite all the help given to the book by the reactionary press I dispute this assertion. Most intelligent Socialists in my experience regard the book as a disillusioning exposure—but of Gide himself. Here a man who boasts he knows nothing of economics and politics makes sweeping judgments on the subject. All Gide's indignation against " Soviet tyranny," starting from his objection to the Soviet law against homosexuality and proceeding to the things that peeved him when he was in Russia, cut little ice with practical-minded Socialists.

I would like to give but one example of the difference between the two authors on this subject of present-day Russia. In his recent book Gide reinforces his personal criticism of the U.S.S.R. with data from such sources as Victor Serge, Rudolph, Citrine and Trotsky. Gide laments " the victims who are rotting in Soviet prisons." He writes: " I see them, these victims, I hear them, I feel their presence enveloping me. Their suppressed cries have wakened me at night. Their silence to-day dictates to me these lines." All this with great literary skill, as you see; and then he cites as the most ill-used of the martyrs, Frau Cenci Muehsam, " the widow of that Erich Muehsam who was driven to suicide by the inhumane tortures of a German concentration camp and who tragically enough to-day finds herself in a Soviet prison."

Herr Feuchtwanger comments on this: "The letter which is the source of Andre Gide's information is dated December 2nd, 1936. Now on December 12th, 1936, Frau Muehsam visited me in my hotel in Moscow bringing me all her complaints. She complained, for example, that the Soviet State Publishing House had only paid her 10,000 rubles for the publication of the literary remains of her husband. She had hoped to receive a great deal more. When I intervened the Publishing House told me that unfortunately, at present, they could only publish an anthology of Muehsam's literary remains because they were chiefly concerned with internal German matters and therefore were not so interesting to Soviet readers."

With two such pictures before us should we not sympathise with those (like your reviewer) whose "doubts are confirmed" by M. Gide and whose "scepticism is increased" by Herr Feuchtwanger?

GORE GRAHAM

COMMUNITY LIFE

SIR,—There is evident a widespread desire to see the change-over from a competitive to a co-operative system of living. Consequent upon a Peace Pledge Union camp held at Swanwick a number of people have decided to found a community on this basis. From the amount of support already shown such communities seem likely to grow. Each will be a step towards the permeation of society as a whole. They will give unity and direction to existing desires, will offer solutions to the pressing problems of the immediate situation, and to those who have a conscientious objection to armament-making or paying taxes in support of the present system, a way of life more consistent with their faith will be open.

They will be centres of pacifist education, from which the apostles of constructive peace may issue forth and to which anyone may go for a short period to experience the joys, the difficulties and the ultimate triumphs of sharing a corporate life. We shall be pleased to hear from persons concerned enough to take part in this venture, either by offers of material help or personal participation.

GEO. H. DIXCN

Dringhoe Grange,
Skipsea, Driffield, E. Yorks.

Miscellany

DEFENDING WILLIAM

THE people of Essex are notorious for their suspicion of "furriners." A foreigner may come only from the next county, or even a town ten miles off. But it takes him years to live down that error. His doings, his very thoughts, are reported nightly at the local pub, each being accentuated by the ping of the darts on the cork board.

Imagine, therefore, the disturbance created in our countryside by the arrival of Air Force men on the completion of the military aerodrome which has been erected over an area of some three hundred acres. I am no politician, so I have nothing to say about what this hideous mushroom growth means in the after-war commentary on European history. I am more concerned with personal and private matters and histories. William, for instance.

William is a newcomer. He is the ten-year-old son of a sergeant in the Air Force. His parents, and his baby brother of two years old, are lodging outside the air-field. The cottagers for miles around are doing well in that way. Every spare room has been taken by these strangers in moth-blue, and a direct consequence is the complete disruption of the local sense of financial values. Our fiscal system, indeed, has been revolutionised. A cottage may be let, for example, for five shillings a week. The tenant, however, will let one room for fifteen. It makes a difference to his outlook on life, and it affects his attitude to his neighbours and his employer. He begins to question many things that he formerly accepted as laws of nature.

But whatever changes may come about in local economics, the social singularities of the Essex folk remain fixed like rock. William, for instance!

I was lifting the soil under the rose-bushes one evening, and stopping to stretch my back and brush away the miniature but poisonous monoplanes raiding me from the pond and seeking my blood, when I saw that our gardener had approached me crabwise. That always meant a confidence, and I prepared myself for a long rest. These Essex confidences always come slowly and circuitously.

George first produced a little book of fag-papers from his waistcoat pocket, hooking it out with a finger stained and weathered to resemble a mossy fragment of oak rather than human flesh. "I s'pose yer heard from missis as we've got folk in th' plaace?" This was followed by a shrewd look, half human, half East-Anglian. Then he brought a round metal tobacco box from his trouser pocket, and rolled a cigarette, the paper looking almost bridal against the caddis-worm surface of his hands. I was non-committal, for it never does to know too much in this neighbourhood. One learns to wait on confidences. To be too forthcoming is to be at once suspected as a bounder, a crank, or even a person with fell designs. So I coughed, and dragged at a sow-thistle which was impaled on my fork.

"Aye," George continued. "Bloke from up 'drome, wi' missus and two kids." "Drome" was already the accepted word, and I understood him, and ventured on a *riposte*. "Makes a bit of company, eh!" That was high diplomacy. It at once paid tribute to the independence of George and his household, and inferred that of course I should never dream of. . . . But George went on. "Two kids is all right. But if I had my way I'd limb that big'un. Mind ye, I don't say nuthin' against nobody. But that young deuce. . . ." (*Deuce* is a word much in local use).

I learned, gradually and with much evasion, that the elder child, William, was a young reprobate, always telling lies, always cheeking his elders, and in any case speaking an outlandish lingo much disliked on our parts.

I managed to dodge either commiseration with local outraged morality, or premature partisanship for the boy. At supper that evening I mentioned to my companion that I had been warned about this Huck Finn with the Lancashire accent. So had she been warned. Our cook, from a cottage near to George's, had poured into her ear a tale full of venom and spice about William and his "lying ways."

Next day I met William. I was just inside the hedge by the lane, making a bonfire. A golden-tufted head bobbed up, and I saw two eyes, a snub nose, and then all disappeared. A moment later the head appeared and remained in view, no doubt because the rest of the small anatomy had found a footing on the bank on the other side of the hedge. "Hello, mester!" he said. This was followed by a seraphic grin that almost destroyed the snub-nose completely. "Hallo! Come in and have a look at my bonfire," I said, knowing that all men love a bonfire. "Well, I got my *old* brother," he said. "Never mind, bring him too."

A moment later the latch of the gate lifted, and William entered, drawing a reluctant and very rotund infant by the hand. "Cum on, Frankie!" he coaxed, "Gen'leman woor'nt hurt ya." Finally, so eager was he for company, that he picked up the *old* brother in his arms and staggered along by the flowerbeds and set his burden down tenderly in the grass at my feet. Then, gasping for breath, he grinned up at me again. "Frankie's that shoy, he is. But he's only a litl'un. Don't you moind him." I reassured William that I was not hurt by Frankie's reluctance. "Yes," said William (and now I will give up my effort to spell the Lancashire dialect. Please imagine the following as delivered by a voice as fruity as Gracie Fields'). "Yes, Frankie always has to go with me because there is no one else to take him out. So I have him all day. I take him everywhere. Even when I go scouting on night-duty I take him. Sometimes the flying officers say I ought not to take a litl'un like him up in a bomber in the dark. But Frankie don't care, do you Frankie?" He looked down at his small brother with an expression of utmost pride and concern for Frankie's good name. Frankie grunted. He was busy, trying to push one of my gardening

gloves into the bonfire. Gently rescuing this, I gave my attention to William.

"That time we wiped out the Indian village, he was no end useful to me. I drove the bomber—it was a Hawker—and he got the bombs ready, so that when we reached the enemy all I had to do was to let fly. Didn't you, Frankie?"

This time, Frankie's response was unexpected. During the exciting narration of this true tale William and I had become so concentrated upon the grim facts that neither of us gave sufficient attention to the small rotundity at our feet. Suddenly there was a squeal of pain. Frankie, deprived of the glove, had pushed his bare fist into the bonfire.

Instantly William was on his knees, his arms round Frankie, and the tears running down his face. "No, mate," he cried to him, his voice broken and soaked, "You ain't hurt, you ain't. Tell old Bill you ain't hurt!" And he carefully wiped the little fist, to discover that no harm was done. However, to make sure, he licked the last patch of ash from the rosebud thumb, and sat there with Frankie on his knee, crooning to him until the sobs died away and Frankie could once more give his attention to surrounding things. Then William resumed. "'Ave you ever been up in a bomber?" I regretted that I hadn't. "Oh, I'll take you out one night . . ." and he outlined a plan of attack, his eyes shining, and all his body and soul eager to draw me into the adventure so that I should not feel inferior or neglected. Yes, William, is a fearful liar, and it is well that we have been warned.

RICHARD CHURCH

TOSCANINI VERSUS FURTWÄNGLER

THE principal conductors of the orchestral concerts at Salzburg during the season, apart from Toscanini, were Hans Knappertsbusch and Bruno Walter, but for the concert on August 27th Furtwängler was engaged and, according to press reports, a meeting with Toscanini was sought by Furtwängler with the object of discussing the relations of politics and music, and this meeting took place at Toscanini's house. It is a pity that a shorthand writer was not present to take down exactly what was said by these two eminent musicians on this subject, for it would be of very great interest since both are men of exceptional ability and experience apart from their specific musical talent. Busoni said that Toscanini was the most intelligent musician he had ever met, with the exception of Richard Strauss, but Richard Strauss's intelligence is more corrupted by egoism than the other's, so his opinions have less weight nowadays.

Furtwängler, as the leading German conductor, has been in a very difficult position ever since the Nazi revolution. Like Richard Strauss he is not a Jew and therefore was in a position to benefit by the revolution. Actually the revolution was not a real blessing to him as it was to many Gentile musicians of inferior ability, because Furtwängler had already acquired an unchallenged supremacy and was the conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which he had developed into the best orchestra in Europe. Personally he had nothing to gain but everything to lose by the Nazi revolution. It is the opinion of many that he should have lost everything by defying the Nazi interference in musical matters by an absolute refusal to submit to political bias. Actually Furtwängler compromised, he tried to stem the tide of anti-Jewish propaganda and to retain some measure of freedom for his art. In this he acted decently and non-fanatically. Obviously he was neither a fervent believer in Nazi Fascism nor in anti-Nazi Communism, and he suffered as every man of liberal and moderate views suffers when crushed between two apparently irreconcilable enemies each of whom is ready to look upon him as a scoundrel or a weakling. He was a moderate man and he suffered the fate of all moderates in fanatical times—that of being everywhere abused and treated with contempt, more even by those he tried to help than by those he tried to placate. Fortunately his eminence and European and American reputation was such as to make it inconvenient for those in whose power he was to go to the last extreme with him while the others had no power but to abuse him with their tongues, of which they availed themselves freely.

It would seem that Furtwängler considered there was *something* to be said for the Nazis, in spite of all there was to be said against them. Revolutions do not happen without a cause and do not succeed without a reason, but partisans are not always concerned with ultimates but sometimes with immediates and we may assume that Furtwängler became a Nazi musical official through his desire to secure as much immediate freedom for music as possible and not merely to keep his important musical posts. Nevertheless, and consequently, Furtwängler is not a sympathetic figure. Not to me, and I am merely giving my own opinion on this intricate problem. He is not sympathetic because he acted reasonably instead of being dominated by passion. The sympathetic figure is Toscanini who was behaving—according to the press reports—quite unreasonably when he told Furtwängler that "the German musicians should not conduct at Salzburg," declaring that he, Toscanini, "stood for complete freedom of music from politics."

The contradiction is obvious, but it was not obvious to the passionate Toscanini who, if he had any objection to Furtwängler's conducting at Salzburg, should have been clever enough to have put it on musical and not on political grounds. Great as these musicians are intellectually they are no match for the intellectual giants of literature when it comes to such matters. Can we imagine Voltaire making such an ass of himself as Toscanini has done in this case? We may imagine Voltaire sitting in his house in an armchair facing Furtwängler and saying to him "Mon cher collègue, I have listened carefully to your recent performances of Mozart and Beethoven and I regret to have to tell you that they are all impure, they smell of lager beer and lipstick, both of which articles I understand your Government disapproves of, mais voilà, que voulez-vous! We don't always achieve what we most desire and we can't have your lager beer and lipstick in our Salzburg performances—we have got too much of our own."

Now such a statement would have been invulnerable, but Toscanini behaved like any rabid Fascist or Communist and merely stated that he disapproved of Furtwängler's politics. So much for the freedom of music at the hands of one of the greatest living musicians and apostles of musical liberty! I, who have never since I grew up believed in liberty, nor equality, nor fraternity, nor in anything being only what it seems and still less only what it pretends to be can only laugh (on the wrong side of my mouth) at such incidents.

Is any useful conclusion to be drawn from this event? I think there is and I shall now state it. Moderation and a reasonable tolerance depend upon the absence of passion. Introduce passion and you arouse inevitably a counter-passion. If the opposing passions are equal, or when they are at last equalised then peace follows and the establishment of a temporary equilibrium which politicians call law and order. For the majority of human beings this equilibrium, this peace, is the desirable state of society, but upon what or upon whom does it depend? Obviously upon the absence of a sufficiently acute dissatisfaction. Well, why is it that such a simple solution of political problems does not occur to all governments and to all heads of governments as this one of getting rid of all dissatisfaction among the governed and the securing of universal peace?

Obviously because such general satisfaction can only be secured when all men are alike and all want the same things. Is it not now clear why everywhere in the world, East and West, there is such an effort being made by governments to produce a standardised man? Standardise all the members of society, put them all into one uniform—it need not be a physical one, for Mr. H. G. Wells and other "scientists" will provide a psychological one—and there will be thereafter peace everlasting and no more Toscaninis or Furtwänglers.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Promenades

Large and enthusiastic audiences are nightly attending the Promenade concerts to hear much the same programmes as in former seasons, although every year there is a perceptible leaven due to the gradually changing taste and also to the influence of the fashionable vogue of the preceding year. Sibelius, for example, is the only living composer to have two evenings devoted entirely to his works this season and another sign of the times was a Liszt-Busoni evening on August 31st. Busoni stood the trial better than Liszt, whose enormous "Faust" symphony—very slightly cut—is a monumental fake, false in every respect except in its truth to the melodramatic and showy ritualistic nature of its composer. Szigéti played the Busoni Violin concerto with respectful care; his lack of spontaneity and occasional faulty intonation are slight blemishes on his splendid technique and serious musicianship. This Busoni Concerto is a much better work than the Rondo Arlecchino which is not only trivial but shows how little Busoni had at his command the sparkle and vivacity of the Italian commedia dell arte. His Comedy Overture, on the other hand, is a bright and lively piece of work, unpretentious and effective. Professor Flesch's pupil, Ida Haendel, has stood right out among the soloists so far. She is quite exceptionally gifted and her performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto was one of those rare examples of beautiful violin playing which gratify the ear as well as one's musical intelligence.

Russian Ballet, at Covent Garden

Col. de Basil's Russian company returned for a season to Covent Garden last Monday night. *Aurora's Wedding*, *Petrouchka* and *Prince Igor* dances made up the programme which is for the greater part now a little bit stale. It was interesting to see Fokine's most famous ballet *Petrouchka* produced under his personal supervision and both in this and *Aurora's Wedding* the discipline of the Corps de ballet was excellent. Shabelevsky's Petrouchka is an artistic but not a very poignant performance; Lichine and Danilova as the Blackamoor and the Dancer, get a convincing puppet-like effect but there is no denying that for those who saw this ballet when it was first produced in London, some of the original magic has evaporated. The soloists in *Aurora's Wedding* —Baranova, Riabouchinska, Lichine, Lazovsky—were as brilliant as ever, but their performances were marred occasionally by an imperfect synchronisation of the finales of the role dances with the orchestra. The conductor, Antal Dorati, would get a better ensemble if he expended more mental and less physical energy; the playing on the first night was frequently crude and noisy.

"Richard II," at the Queen's

Mr. John Gielgud opened his four-play season at the Queen's with *Richard II*, a part in which he could scarcely go wrong. His winter programme, including *The School for Scandal* and *The Merchant of Venice*, might be described as a conservative education and, to judge by his first offering, conservatism is to be the mood. It is true that the "Motley" dresses make an ambitious and theatrical raid on the more colourful and heraldic baronial modes, but there are too many bits and pieces of ineffective scenery. Eighteen months ago Mr. Gielgud produced this play at Oxford with a single set by "Motley" which perfectly framed and never impeded its movement. Now, at the Queen's, we seem to be drifting back into the dilatory confusion of "scenic Shakespeare." It is true that Mr. Gielgud does not, like Tree of old, insert a pageant with himself on a white horse, mocked and rejected and almost Messianic among his unfaithful Commons. But his new way of cluttering up the stage with canvas-castles, timber, hurdles, and what not is sadly reminiscent of 1906 *and All That*. The acting of his admirably chosen team is so good that it generally defeats the handicap of this enclosure, but one feels that all might be so much better with less distraction of the eye and obstruction of the platform. Mr. Gielgud's success as the headstrong, extravagant, and yet pathetically sympathetic king can be taken for granted. Bolingbroke is easily made a bore, but Mr. Michael Redgrave brilliantly wins our interest in the baronial bully-boy, while Mr. Glen Byam Shaw puts up a fine show for Mowbray and Mr. Leon Quartermaine miraculously manages to deliver John o' Gaunt's advertisement of England as though he were thinking out every phrase for the first time. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, confronted with the unimportance of being Isabelle, a part for which Shakespeare omitted to write the words, puts a very pretty face on the matter.

"Crest of the Wave," at Drury Lane

Mr. Novello having found a money-making formula, wisely refrains from altering it. This is what experience has shown pleases a Drury Lane audience and the Library deal shows that in some quarters at least a touching faith still lives that chorus-girls have hearts of gold, that blue blood never fails, that all will come right as long as one has faith. Tricked out with Crusaders singing "Rose of England," with the ghosts of the Cheviot ancestors performing incredible balancing feats on a series of rising and falling stages, with cruises, train-smashes, and Hollywood, what more can anyone want? If it seems a pity that with so much money spent there is no single dress of real distinction, that the scenery belongs to the era of Edwardian pantomime, we must remember that that is the age to which the sentiment of this piece belongs and console ourselves with the fact that Mr. Walter Gresham, given a real chance, takes it with both hands and makes everyone else on the stage except Miss Marie Löhr seem completely bogus. Miss Dorothy Dickson, ravishing as usual, did not on the first night seem in her best dancing form, but she is always a pleasure to watch, while Miss Ena Burrill brings a glitter to the part of the villainess of the piece. It seems unlikely that Mr. Novello can deceive himself into thinking that he can go on getting away with scenes like the Christmas-tree revel, but perhaps he can.

"Marked Woman," at the Regal

The reputation of Miss Bette Davis depends less on her good looks than on her often proved ability to act the part of an intelligent woman in misfortune. For even those who do not care so much for her cast of face and the peculiar "poached egg" eyes which are such a feature of it, have to admit that she gives an impression (unusual though not unique among Hollywood flowers) that mental and emotional processes go on behind the scenes. With this talent in mind, *Marked Woman* was specially written for Miss Davis. Her misfortunes vary only in degree, while her appeal as an orchid with human feelings never flops. The plot is derived from the clean-up of New York's vice ring, but it might as well have been pure fiction. It is typical of the movies that though they try to enliven their art by introducing real events, they pound the facts into the familiar shape with incidents out of the old old plot factory. Here Miss Davis is educating a little sister on the income of a life of sin, and in the embroglio that follows the only hoop she misses is in not marrying the District Attorney, and that looks like happening in the next chapter. Apart from the fact that it offers about an hour and twenty minutes of concentrated Miss Davis, the best that can be said for this film is that it shows how alarming a world would be in which the law was despised and the wicked flourished in proportion to their effrontery. It does this very well.

"Souls at Sea," at the Plaza

Souls at Sea is an unusually exciting film. It is not exactly an epic of the sea, nor could it be called a thrilling indictment of the slave trade. Mr. Gary Cooper reciting *Hamlet* to Mr. George Raft on the deck of a slaver leaves one with the impression that neither of them understood much what it is about, but that Mr. Cooper had leanings towards idealism. In the event Mr. Cooper's famous boyish charm is very nearly torpedoed by idealism and by his ever-rising moral tone. Mr. George Raft's sudden change of heart in mid-Atlantic is not much more convincing than Mr. George Zucco's declaration (in the character of Queen Victoria's crusader against the slave trade) that Mr. Cooper was the only man who could put the iniquitous business out of joint. But the director who put together the shipwreck which is the climax of the film did a most uncommon piece of work. It is terrifyingly and magnificently done. A subject for Gericault and treated with suitable ferocity. Only a real shipwreck could be more appalling. For this alone *Souls at Sea* is memorable.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, September 11th—
Cricket: Challenge Match, Middlesex *v.* Yorks, Oval.
MONDAY, September 13th—
"The Feud," Cambridge.
"The Day Is Gone," Embassy.
TUESDAY, September 14th—
Vaughan Williams Concert, Queen's Hall.
"Crazy Days," Shaftesbury.
THURSDAY, September 16th—
"Going Greek," Gaiety.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BILLY BENNETT (*at the seaside*): "*Do you serve crabs here?*"

WAITER: "*Sit down; we have to serve anyone who comes in here.*"

Two autobiographical articles written by a waiter were published in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last January and attracted attention; a third appeared in these pages a fortnight ago; in the meantime, the author, Mr. Dave Marlowe, had sat down and written a book about his experiences—*Coming, Sir!* (Harrap, 8*s.* 6*d.*). His book will be a revelation to the many people for whom a waiter is a Dresden glass man, to be operated by growls and glances at the menu, and rewarded at the end, perhaps, with a shilling on the plate. Why is it that the diner-out, whose taximan has asserted independence by smoking a pipe, should be met with gross servility the moment he approaches a restaurant? He passes the commissionaire—the gilt figurehead of a ship jutting on the pavement; he is bowed in by a head waiter combining the manners of the sidesman and the shopwalker; he is served by a waiter who must be faultlessly attired in faulty evening dress. Note that black waistcoat: it not only serves to distinguish the diner from the waiter—quite properly—but it is exactly, exquisitely out of place. It flatters by imitation, and doubly flatters by being wrong. If plus-fours were the evening fashion, waiters would have to wear plus-fours and butterfly collars. Can one imagine an Englishman ever inventing such a politeness as the German's "Herr Ober"? Or inviting, as a Frenchman might, a waiter he had known for twenty years to sit for a moment at his table and chat? Unthinkable; even the white apron, suggesting a useful occupation, would disturb. The last thing we expect of a waiter is a hint of independence. The surprise of Mr. Marlowe's book is not so much, as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy suggests in an introduction, the adventurousness of a life we might have supposed to be flat, as the fact that a waiter should have written such a book at all. Burglars, prize-fighters, tramps and jailbirds—the successful memoirists of low life in recent years—begin with the advantage of independence, and their revelations do not amaze us. But we are used to the waiter standing silently at attention while we expand. That he, of all people, when he opens his mouth in print, would be the most likely to turn out a Thersites probably never occurs to us.

* * *

"Waiters," says Mr. Marlowe, "rarely leave their chosen job in life, even though it is generally chosen by someone else. Sometimes one will save his money, start a small café, and prosper, but though the rest will often talk about it that is as far as they get. They just carry on, drifting from place to place, to the seaside for the summer season, back to town in the winter, eating the appalling food that hotel owners think quite adequate, living in disgusting bedrooms and staff halls, with little chance of promotion and certainly no chance of a pension when they are too old to potter round." The picture he gives of living conditions is disturbing; it is this that drives many waiters to shuffle on through a succession of jobs. Mr. Marlowe himself, being of a more active temperament, zig-zagged between England and America, fled from Park Lane to Manhattan and back to Bayswater and Bournemouth, bootlegged whisky, walked the terrible winter of 1931 in New York unemployed, peddled newspapers in a London suburb (three days, this), sweated in the glory-holes of ocean liners and had to beg for tips at a Mayfair banquet; and one feels that it was only by exploiting to the utmost the variety of his job that Mr. Marlowe succeeded in keeping his sense of independence. He did not hesitate to chuck a job which infuriated or bored him—a proceeding which sometimes amazed his companions. The sort of chances on which a waiter's livelihood depends may be judged from this:

> Jobs were scarce in the hotel business just after the death of King George V. Banquets were cancelled, dinners postponed, weddings put off, until an extra waiter stood an excellent chance of starving to death.
>
> I was little short of doing just that. More than half my dole went for rent each week, and trying to feed myself, pay bus fares, and keep up appearances on about a shilling a day was very difficult. Cigarettes were a bygone luxury, and a haircut meant forfeiting my one daily meal. An overheard whisper told me that a banquet was being held in a certain hotel in the West End, so I got my bag, which I always kept packed ready for work, from a small café in Denmark Street and went round to the back door of the hotel on the slim chance of being engaged.

He mentions the surprise with which waiters, who had begun by being excited by social contacts, discovered gradually that they had fallen into a monotonous and unnatural existence, standing up to eat their meals, adopting penguin-like attitudes in the street, forgiving insults and measuring a customer by his ability to tip, going for days without seeing their children, "creeping" to the head waiter or defying his finger-snaps at their cost. The atmosphere of suspicion, snobbery and backbiting, which apparently exists among the staffs of many English hotels, is almost as horrifying as the bad food and long hours. *Coming, Sir!* despite its brisk adventures, leaves one with the dismal impression that it would take more than an Act of Parliament, raised wages and a powerful Trade Union to change fundamentally the life of a waiter. Acts of Parliament, affecting employment in hotels, exist already and no attention is paid to them; and so long as English snobbery requires its tribute of "menial" offices, who can imagine a strike of London waiters, even organised by a Union, which would not be defeated by the waiters themselves?

* * *

I remember one waiter who seemed to me completely happy. He served in a restaurant near the front of that delightful town, Lindau, on the Bavarian shore of Lake Constance. He was young, handsome, superbly graceful and obviously enjoyed pirouetting among the muted lights of the little restaurant, laying a dish before you with the gesture of a conjuror. The food was good; most of the visitors went away contented. He had the same smile for everyone, as fixed as the Mona Lisa's, but in his case it was eagerly attentive and cynical; he produced his most expensive wine and bowed out his worst customer without change of countenance. Several years afterwards I went back; the restaurant was almost empty, the waiter now was slack and ingratiating. He complained that in his job there was no advancement. How far that is true of Germany, I do not know, but to judge from Mr. Marlowe's book and from a pamphlet published by *Fact* ("Behind the Swing Doors," 2*d.*) it is certainly the case in England. The author of the pamphlet, a hotel manager, gives remarkable details of the repressive wages, hours, food and lodging of hotel staffs (the figures bear out Mr. Marlowe). He mentions the case ("by no means unusual") of one employee, a married man with a child, who was receiving 28*s.* 5*d.* for a 74-hour week, not including overtime, for which he was paid nothing. This was 5*d.* more than he would have had from the dole. Two meals a day were thrown in. Here is the weekly menu of a "well-known hotel":

> Monday.—Stew, followed by tapioca pudding.
> Tuesday.—Mince, followed by tapioca pudding.
> Wednesday.—Fish (any cheap fish), followed by tapioca pudding.
> Thursday.—Stew, followed by tapioca pudding.
> Friday.—Mince, followed by tapioca pudding.
> Saturday.—Mince, followed by tapioca pudding.
> Sunday.—Roast beef, followed by tapioca pudding.

These meals were sent down to the basement by the coal-lift. As Mr. Marlowe remarks, the paradox of "poverty in the midst of plenty" is one of which the waiter is continually and dramatically aware. The *New Survey of London Life and Labour* gives as one cause of premature death among waiters cirrhosis of the liver; it is produced by the fumes of other men's drinks.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Peter Waring. By FORREST REID. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
The South Wind of Love. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Rich and Cowan.* 10s. 6d.
John Cornelius. By HUGH WALPOLE. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.
Lost Survivor. By L. A. PAVEY. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
A Date with a Duchess. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

One of the enviable privileges of the established novelist is that he can revise his earlier work without seeming tedious to his public or pettifogging to his friends. Most novelists, however, seem to prefer more festive acts of self-indulgence: Sir Hugh Walpole writes a novel about a famous novelist; Mr. Compton Mackenzie looks back and decides to disguise his memoirs as a 4-vol. novel and put a weathercock on top. Only Mr. Forrest Reid with the dubious example of George Moore before him has availed himself of the more austere course. He has completely justified it.

A great many years ago a critic compared *Following Darkness*—from which Mr. Reid's new novel has been fashioned—with *Wuthering Heights*. If the comparison is sound, a change in kind has occurred since Mr. Reid's revision, for *Peter Waring's* ancestry, like that of so much Irish fiction, is in Turgenev's Russia. The story is a typical Turgenev study of very young love, but the early morning mist which sparkles in the background of all such stories in Turgenev is here deprived of its erotic languor by the severe puritan idealism and athleticism of the County Down. There is no living writer in English who can describe growing boyhood as Mr. Forrest Reid does. The puritan childhood is a delicate history of the constant adjustments of constraint and natural passion and Mr. Reid knows every one of them; his success springs from the fact that he has the kind of sensibility which this knowledge presupposes, and that he avoids the common danger of letting his sensibility outrun the sensibility of his characters. Peter is an intelligent youth but uncouth and all legs and arms. He is the diligent, shy, broken-voiced boy who is fairly natural among his friends—except when his vanity is touched—but who is secretive and constrained to speechless resentment in the company of his father. The older man, a schoolmaster whose wife has deserted him, is a sullen and embittered creature living in that hell of sexual terror which haunts the Ulster Protestant. A young novelist might have savaged the schoolmaster, especially if, like Mr. Reid, he was writing in the first person; but here one sees the stern, tortured little failure drawn restrainedly to the life. Again, the girl with whom Peter falls in love might have been romanticised if a cooler judgment had not been at work. With what skill Mr. Reid has quietly shown the exquisite pain of the boy's confused and urgent love when it halts before a girl who is pretty, nice, not in love at all and who is patently going to turn out to be a dull young woman. She, I think, must have been the most difficult of all the people to draw. Her clever brother was easier, or the prig, Owen, who wrote letters to Tolstoy about Life and got replies from the prophet. It would have been simple to make Katherine despicable, but Mr. Reid never once implies a criticism. She forgets to answer letters, she neglects to meet Peter, she keeps him effortlessly at arm's length, she fails to rise to his passionate level and does all the things that healthy, firm-minded, unawakened young women do to torture the sensibility of over-imaginative and guilty youth, without knowing. She will go and marry some dull young subaltern, no doubt, and be moderately bad at tennis—but that satirical backward glance is denied us. She remains simple, rather sweet and, as a piece of character drawing, impressive. A novel of this kind is always in danger from a monotonous lyricism, but again Mr. Reid breaks the spell, and gives a few chapters of lower middle-class life in Belfast where Peter goes to live at a tobacconist's shop. I see only two dubious things in the book: the character of Peter's patroness who is shadowy, and a hint of spookiness here and there. Mr. Reid has always had this preoccupation. One meets it often in Irish writers and with him it is subdued. But the rest is austere, real, delicate and yet firm, free from the more facile kinds of nostalgia, and the maladies of sensibility. Mr. Reid's self-indulgence was justified: he has fashioned a book that will outlast most things written to-day and be read with admiration and respect.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's novel, when he has gone round the weathercock, will be in four volumes. This is the second. The first volume I have not read, but by its title I suppose the emotional weather to have been keen, easterly and liverish. Now it has become kinder. John Ogilvie, through whom this story is mainly seen, has become a successful dramatist and is trying to break his liaison with a famous and luscious French actress who has an alarming look of marriage in her eye. Ogilvie believes in *l'amour*, not in marriage, and the comedy of his break with Gabrielle, turned temporarily sentimental, is excellent. If you break with an actress you get the thing twice over, lived and acted, and Mr. Mackenzie, who has drawn some good actresses in his time, may be called a specialist in this situation. It is all the better that the people concerned are fluent and intelligent. Ogilvie perhaps knows his Gabrielle a shade too well; but the moments of sentiment are well in hand and the conclusion is marked with great acuteness: "in the admission that each had been able to wound the other recrimination was quenched." A fitting end to the love of two egoists. But John, to the book's disadvantage as a novel, is too great an egoist. A great deal of the book is seen through his eyes and he is really not interested in anyone but himself. This flattens people; they are the figures of a book of brilliant memoirs and you feel that there is more to them than Mr. Mackenzie tells. Still the book is not complete yet; as the intelligent but superficial tide of discussion and chronicle pictures recedes, certain figures are bound to stand out solid if forlorn. The present volume breaks in two after Gabrielle and goes on to the war, literary and political London and then intelligence work in the Near East where John has a pathetic and rather unreal idyll with a Greek girl. The real thing at 32—so, say his long letters home "to the only woman to whom one can say these things." In the Intelligence stuff Mr. Mackenzie is just re-writing his *Athenian Memories*. Against this inevitable drift to memoir writing he struggles with some skill; but some of his efforts to place the novel on its feet as a novel leads to pretentious writing. In John Ogilvie's Hampstead there is a lot of Edwardian architecture, like this prose:

> A shape of funereal menace that floor Clerk in her neat black dress, entering in that great book the hour of matutinal resurrection for the ghosts she tended, a shape portentous as one of those headless Fates from the pediment of the Parthenon and not less significant than their marble draperies the folds of her neat black dress.

as times change
SHELL changes too
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Here is some more English prose from Sir Hugh Walpole: "John often told of it with that eager egotism that took it for granted that anything happening to himself must be interesting to everybody, even to its smallest detail." John Cornelius becomes a famous writer, but since he is generally portrayed at second hand, he is rather the vague subject of a rambling essay full of frank Dickensian echoes. Writers are not very interesting heroes at the best of times, but handling him as if he were a piece of old Staffordshire makes him tedious. One turns to the pictures of literary life hoping to find a few scores paid off, but it is all done with warm handshakes and forgiveness, an occasional dig in the ribs after the slap on the back. No other living novelist puts so many Baedeker stars and pointers to good passages. One gets in the end a kind of affection for such lines as "She must have been an extraordinary old woman by all accounts," and "What a subject for a painter," or words to that effect.

Sir Hugh makes some shrewd hits at the younger generation of writers; but it is odd to find that he who brings the usual charge of unpleasantness, succeeds diabolically in his unpleasant characters. Like all romantics, Sir Hugh believes in Evil and hence, in later years, the superiority of his thrillers and melodramas over his realistic work which, like the present book, is apt to be all cakes and no ale.

And now for the ascetic young. *Lost Survivor* is a quiet, diligent piece of work about a young estate agent in an Essex sea town who is haunted by guilt because he thinks he was responsible for the death of his friend. One feels that the guilt obsession has been written in on him by Mr. Pavey and that it and its consequences cannot have been as bad as he says they were if a mere escape to London could cure them. No, I think Mr. Pavey has the sentimental view of guilt. But the fishing town and the yacht club hangers-on are well observed, the solicitors and estate agents well differentiated and the sailing is admirably done. There is a dignity if there is also a dullness about *Lost Survivor* and it is pleasant to read a novelist who has taken in the detail of his scene with care and discretion.

One sees how much a writer like Mr. Pavey has lost through being overwhelmed by the massive tradition of the English novel, even though his book is economical, when one compares him with Mr. Calder-Marshall. His capacity for successful experiment, for cutting out the scenery, descriptions of persons or incidental life histories, etc., has been rightly praised. True, when you put some of his laconic bar and shop scenes beside the Belfast passages in Mr. Forrest Reid's book, you see that Mr. Reid wins because he can marry both background and foreground, the internal and external; but the strange and forceful experimental story, "A Crime Against Cania," shows that Mr. Calder-Marshall is more than a reporter. On the whole, in the short pieces he *is* only a reporter, making unrelated statements of fact; but in a story like "The Smuggler's Wife"—a story of misadventure, judicial cruelty and revenge in a Cornish town during last century, he is an artist of the first order. This is easily the best story in the book. He has vigour, gusto, an astonishing skill with the dialogue of ordinary people and a technique for presenting the lives of dull, vulgar, half-articulate urban types—the waiter, the barman, the salesman, the tired, silly woman—without patronage, but in their own very human terms, which no one else has hit upon. It is a dangerous game because sometimes the people are so dull that the story was not worth writing; but he *has* brought a new strong uncouth sense of modern life into English fiction and he obviously has capacities not yet fully developed. V. S. PRITCHETT

EREWHON REVISITED

Middletown in Transition. By R. S. and H. M. LYND. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Middletown has been one of the most astoundingly successful books of the present epoch. Published less than ten years ago, it has already become a "classic"—that is to say a book which it is assumed that everybody remotely interested in sociology has read and admired, and which is supposed to be a model of successfully applied technique. It is believed by its many admiring readers, by the even larger group who quote it without having read it, and apparently (to judge by the title of the present volume) even by its authors to have described completely and for all time the life of a small mid-western American city. The amount of validity which can be admitted for this claim depends on the standards set up for sociology and social anthropology; if the painstaking collection and interpretation of every available statistic is enough, then this volume, like its predecessor, is a model of its kind; if sociology is to take into account the individual and his reactions to the group and the culture neither volume provides even half the necessary data.

The title of the present work—*Middletown in Transition*—is sufficiently revealing of the attitude of the authors. Mr. and Mrs. Lynd apparently share with the business class of Middletown the belief that the late slump was an interruption of the laws of nature—a disaster after the fashion of a cyclone or an earthquake. Obviously Middletown was no more and no less "in transition" in 1935 than in 1925; the title is in fact a tautology. But for the Lynds, as for the businessmen, the transition of 1925 was called "progress" and that of 1935 "crisis" or "recovery." And it was specifically in order to try to find out what differences, if any, the major financial crisis of 1929–33 had made to Middletown that the second shorter visit (though the book is as long) was made in 1935.

The actual results of this inquiry are somewhat meagre. When people had less money they spent less money (this astonishing result is confirmed by a very great variety of statistics) and they especially curtailed their expenditure on luxuries. People adopted—at any rate temporarily—leisure pursuits which did not demand too much expenditure, such as reading and gardening. The 70 per cent. of Middletown's population which make up the working class suffered more materially—at one moment more than a quarter of the working-class families were on relief—but less psychologically. The business class were, and apparently remain, badly scared and resentful of the results of the breakdown, and especially of federal intervention and relief, and of the attempt from Washington to create some form of working-class unity. And just because of this fright they have had, the business class, with the organs of public information and recreation which they control, are more than ever insistent that nothing has changed—that eventually, by the operation of private competitive acquisitiveness, everything will be for the best in the best of all possible countries.

But the people of *Middletown* weren't alone in the world in undergoing the financial slump; it also affected, though perhaps only indirectly, the authors of this book; it has caused them to scrutinise with much more care than in the earlier work the economic background of the town and the culture, and it is these economic aspects which give the book its chief interest. There is no evidence to show that except in detail the economic situation has varied since 1925; but at that date this aspect of the complex did not attract the investigators' detailed attention. Put briefly, the situation is as follows: Middletown, while psychologically an independent and self-contained community, is in point of fact almost completely run by monopoly capital, and, with one significant exception, by external capital. For Middletown the crisis reached its nadir, and restarted on the up-grade, with the closing and reopening of a branch factory of General Motors. The prosperity of the inhabitants—and especially of the business class—of Middletown depends on attracting outside capital to erect factories in its area; and for that end, workmen's wages are kept as low as possible and every attempt at creating working-class unity is put down by the most unscrupulous methods. These aims are greatly furthered by the presence of the X family, a local group of millionaires, who, starting from a small glass-bottle factory, have developed until they have an almost complete stranglehold on the economic life of Middletown—possessing controlling interests in all the banks, and most of the schools, churches, administrative bodies, hospitals, big shops and public buildings. The crisis, which eliminated, or forced into amalgamation, most of their rivals, greatly speeded up the monopoly control of the city's life by this family. The fact that their pervading influence is not dramatically displayed does not render it any the less powerful.

The Lynds actually describe the two surviving senior members of this family and also one other individual, a rebellious editor and one-time mayor. With these three exceptions, and a few quoted remarks from professional or business class sources (the working classes are relatively neglected, except statistically, in both volumes), Middletown for them might not be inhabited by individuals at all. This is one of the chief weaknesses of the Lynds' method of approach. The culture is described in detail externally, but at the end of the two books the outsider can have no idea as to what it is like to be a member of the culture. There is an almost complete lack of subjective information. The other great weakness of the Lynds is the lack of a centralising theory to interpret the results they have gathered. In field-work a theory

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is a grievous handicap, but in summing the results its absence is an even greater one. Without a theory there is no criterion, except personal prejudice, which renders one piece of information more important than another; for example, there is no reason why the list of magazines which Middletown subscribes to should be included, and the patent breakfast foods which it eats should be excluded. As it is, the data presented need reinterpreting; as far at any rate as the economic situation is concerned it is an almost classical example of the realisation of the prophecies of the dialectical materialist view of history.

Without knowing more of the individuals involved it is difficult to deduce more than the broad outlines of the sub-culture. The essential difference between Middletown and equivalent communities in Europe seems to be the absence in the former of any historical background; the inhabitants of Middletown have come to that city entirely in pursuit of gain, without any pre-existing emotional ties; therefore in order to create a sentiment of psychological ease they stress far more overtly than Europeans would do the essential unity of the local group, and view with far more fear and suspicion any deviant characters, interests or traits which threaten this psychological unity. But this unity is threatened far more by the internal contradiction between the ideal behaviour for the individual, and for the group, than it could be by any artist or radical; for the individual every effort has to be subordinated to competitive acquisition, while the group is meant to be mutually helpful and kindly. The absence, till the last few years, of hereditary class-status (Middletown has barely existed fifty years) has made in the past this contradiction relatively supportable, but the factual, if not the psychological hardening of the class situation during the last decade has made the friction caused by these contradictions more palpable, and individual competition—as is shown by the reaction to the W.P.A. and kindred projects—is over-riding almost every effort at group co-operation or even ordinary communal honesty, except among the small very rich group.

The first volume on Middletown left nearly every reader with a feeling of pleasant superiority—"thank God that I am not as these Philistines are!"—a feeling, I think, not unshared by the authors, as was revealed by their desperate efforts to be "fair"; but in the years which have intervened between the writing of the two books the attention of the Lynds, as of so many other people, has been diverted from "culture" (in the narrower sense of the word) to the economic workings of the system of which Middletown is a tiny representative unit; and this book ends with a feeling of despairing perplexity, prophesying another and more overt form of Fascism (for, in its dealings with the workers Middletown is already essentially Fascist) as an unwelcome guide out of chaos. Despite their modesty—the first person is never used—it is the authors and their attitudes which are the central core of this book and it is for that reason that the book is both indicative and interesting.

GEOFFREY GORER

KNAPTON WEATHERCOCK

So high it strutted in the sun,
A man could see it plain,
From five miles off, a golden bird
Upon a glittering vane.

No common fowl; you'd swear it was
An eagle come to roost,
That once had clapped heraldic wings
On front of Caesar's host.

And who that had not seen it flee
Headlong before a gale,
Or veer when little puffs of wind
Put salt upon its tail,

Would ever dream such warlike boast
So vain a thing could be?
And golden crest and spurs but stand
For arch inconstancy?

O lovely traitor, where's the man
That does not long with you
To ride the heavens like a king
And changing, still be true.

—a poem from **EQUINOX**, the new book of verse by Robin Wilson, author of *The Holy Wells of Orris*. Ready now. Nelson. 2/6 net.

THE ENGLISH CHEKHOV

Anton Chekhov. By PRINCESS NINA ANDRONIKOVA TOUMANOVA. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

Why is Chekhov esteemed more highly in England than in any other foreign country? We have Prince Mirsky's authority for the fact: the amusement of explaining it, of course in terms of the "national genius," is free for all. I shall abstain from dogma therefore, only remarking that Chekhov's personality, at least, had some traits more "English" than we find in any other of the great Russians. In manner he was simple and friendly, but, says one Russian observer, "not without coolness; to give an instance, when he met you and shook your hand he usually said, 'How do you do?' as in passing, without waiting for an answer." Though not timid, he was self-conscious and extremely reserved—in matters of deep personal interest, secretive. (His odd habit of describing *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard* as "vaudeville pieces" has been referred to self-consciousness.) Though gregarious, he seldom talked a great deal, and very seldom betrayed enthusiasm; his dread of gush inclined him to an excessive air of detachment. He was acutely subject to boredom—that English malady; he was always moving about, and bored everywhere. Abroad, he appeared so insular as to startle his fellow-countrymen. "I spoke enthusiastically about Italy," writes Merezhkovsky, who had run across him in Venice. "He also was in Italy for the first time. However, no exultation was noticeable in him. It even offended me." Chekhov would only discuss the baldness of the guide's head and the incessant bell-ringing in Italian stations. After a day of sightseeing, he remarked that it would be delightful to sit down in the fields near Moscow.

So far, we may rejoice in him as a kindred spirit. But the English like to advertise their aloofness as the mask of strong feeling: Chekhov's, though in part defensive, cannot be explained in this way. Chekhov not only seemed, he was, aloof. He had no passionate intimacies, either in love or friendship, and few attachments of any kind; human beings were always less to him than his own integrity. That integrity, that ever-vigilant self-respect, permeating his conduct to the least detail, may sound unattractive, but seems to have been in fact a great charm. All who met him felt that "some sort of equilibrium, the calm of independence," was present here—and were struck, incidentally, by the complete absence of that mechanical smile with which strangers try to propitiate one another. Nor did the effect of his personality wear off with acquaintance; perhaps no one was allowed to get near enough. But Suvorin, one of the nearest, declared there was a freshness in Chekhov "as though he had come from another world."

Princess Toumanova exhibits him more or less as a "Chekhov character"—wavering and will-less, a "limp soul," as she expresses it. This view has obvious temptations, but one can hardly apply it to a man who shouldered so much responsibility from his boyhood, and got through so much work in a life of forty-three years. The "Chekhov character" is always—congenitally—a failure: Chekhov was successful, if the word means anything, and on his own terms, with the minimum of wasted exertion. When he began to write, the intelligentsia were all for ideas in literature; they liked some "question" to be debated, some creed enunciated; they liked the author to have spent a few years in exile. Of Chekhov's "slice of life" they asked with right-minded superciliousness: "Qu'est-ce que cela prouve?" Chekhov did not answer. He waved no banner of freedom, adopted no Flaubertian pose of separation and sanctity. But he went on as before. It was the public that changed its tune at last.

Typically, he always wanted, or at least asked, to be thought

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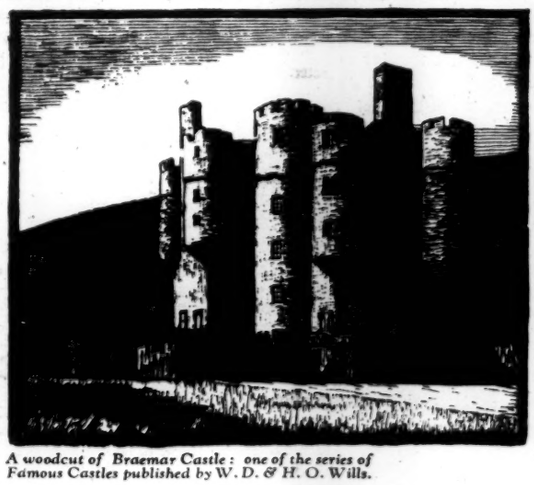

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of as a physician: he was careful, though not stingy, in money matters, and hated debt: on the other hand, even when hard up he declined regular work on a newspaper. Chekhov's independence had nothing "dedicated" about it; he was the least conscious of pioneers.

In one important respect he did resemble a "Chekhov character": he was "primarily adult"—says Princess Toumanova—"he had a grown-up mind." More than that, he was what believers in reincarnation call an "old soul." A few human beings—very few—almost incline one to this belief, which would account for a number of things in Chekhov—for the early passing of his youth, for his negative attitude towards dogma, for the tendency to boredom, the absence of strong desires, the combination of wide, even tender sympathy with a certain coolness of heart. What would have happened to his writing had he lived longer? Might it not have stopped all the same? Of course nothing can be inferred from *The Cherry Orchard*, which was a conscious farewell, but his work altogether, whether you judge by character or mere quantity, shows an attraction to silence. And it is clear why this would be so. In *The Three Sisters*, for example, when Irena's fiancé is killed in a duel, the old doctor says: "One baron more or less—what does it matter? It makes no difference." Still more probably, he would only think it—for what is the use of saying anything? And with that, of course, you are over the verge of art altogether; no more is possible. These disillusioned characters, Chekhov himself observes, express very little; they "only whistle, or lapse often into thought." Chekhov, being one of them, tends to say less and less about more and more, and his favourite stage device is the pause. On the other hand, he might simply have got bored once for all with "the world as we commonly understand it," and drifted yet farther into poetry; there are signs of this also.

Princess Toumanova's book is well-documented and unpretentious. Chekhov himself appears rather dimly; the intellectual climate is made a lot of, and there are précis of many tales and of all the dramas. Princess Toumanova knew no English till a few years ago, and the present volume does her very great credit, which is not to say that it is well written.

K. JOHN

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But Mr. Playfair is just pulling your leg. He tries to have it both ways. For having animadverted so solemnly on the pranks of his younger days, he then proceeds to describe them in the greatest detail. What X said about Y in the *Cherwell* and how Z replied in the *Isis*, how intrigue made a ramp of the O.U.D.S. casting, what happened in the Union elections is described as though these storms in the Oxonian teacup were of more than the remotest interest to those outside the circle of Mr. Playfair's acquaintances.

It was a mistake, because the other book which Mr. Playfair has mixed up with his abortive *Twenty-five*, the sketch of his father, has considerable merit. Here is a more balanced, more comprehensive, more illuminating portrait than most sons of the author's age could paint of their father. Nigel Playfair was enthusiastic in the genuine Greek sense, he was inspired with great gusts of optimism, life was halcyon for him; then suddenly he would drop into a despondency so profound and in such a contrast to his former mood that his oscillations between gloom and exultation remind one irresistibly of Micawber. Spontaneous, generous, a delightful companion, a thoughtful employer, he nevertheless must have felt himself somewhat at sea when faced with his son's vagaries, and it is a tribute to Mr. Playfair's integrity and good sense that, though he must at times have felt that he was wholly misunderstood by his father, he has written his own version of *Father and Son* with neither petulance nor malice. His book is not marred by hero-worship or denigration; it describes, affectionately and sanely, the domestic life of an interesting figure in the modern theatre.

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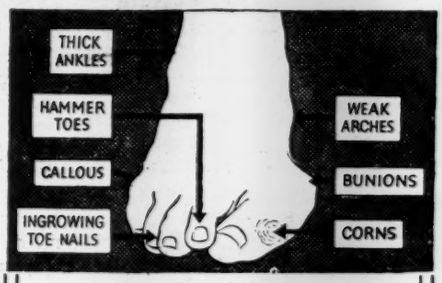

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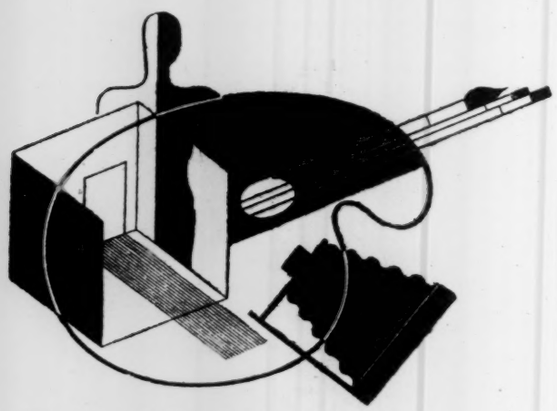

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A PLANT HUNTER'S JOURNEY

Plant Hunter's Paradise. By F. KINGDON WARD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is an odd sort of fame, which the more famous may envy, to have named after one a lizard, a bird, a rodent and many plants, Mr. Kingdon Ward would be well known without his zoo. His journeys have affected every seed catalogue and the stock of every nursery garden in the world. He is one of those much-envied individuals who spend their lives doing what they like best in the places they love most. More than that, he possesses the ability to talk well about his adventures in print. With nine books already to his name, he has written a tenth which is, I think, one of his best.

He goes back to a journey made six years ago from Myitkina, in Upper Burma, to Jité, in Tibet, a thousand-mile walk there and back. The object, officially, was to collect plants and zoological specimens and to find out more about the sources of the Irrawaddy River. It is a compliment to Mr. Kingdon Ward's book to say that our first impression is of explorers enjoying themselves to the full. He relates how, with Lord Cranbrook, he wandered through the gorges and forests of Burma and up over the snow-clad passes to the Edge of the World. And how well it is told. Mr. Kingdon Ward describes flowers, birds, animals, people and scenery equally well. He has a flair for simile. Rocks stand on the skyline "like decaying teeth," fallen corollas of rhododendrons glow under the trees "like the embers of a raked-out fire." The fading native tribe is a spectacle which must impress all travellers.

> Wild men need protection when encroached on by a higher civilisation, just as wild birds and wild animals do, and the Darus are not protected. Not that anyone wishes to exterminate them, but everyone wishes to exploit them, and they cannot defend themselves. So they will perish. Call them, if you will, one of Nature's unsuccessful experiments; but Nature has allowed them to survive for a time in a region where no man survives for long. Encompassed on all sides by more powerful tribes, driven relentlessly deeper and deeper into the slums of the jungle, the Darus must presently fade into the *Ewigkeit*, vanish away as though they had never been. They have bored their way into the heart of the mountains, and they can go no farther.

As the book goes on, we are more aware of the "plant-hunter" and gradually rhododendrons, primulas and gentians oust the mice and squirrels and sunbirds. But the story suffers no whit; and, in the closing lines, there is an unintentional rebuke for taking the whole thing lightly when it is casually remarked that three hundred species of seeds were sent home from that journey. Serious students, too, who might complain that there was not enough about this and that, are disarmed by appendices summing up the scientific results. There might have been an index.

But one likes the author's justice to small incidents and his deliberate understatement with important ones. When a man who has seen every flowering thing worth talking about, says quite simply, "It is the most magnificent hardy flowering tree I have ever seen," one believes him. All he could say when he saw the Carmine Cherry for the first time was "Golly!" How one envies him that exclamation! HUGH BROADBRIDGE

SOME POETS

The Zeal of Thy House. By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

Neo-Georgian Poetry, 1936-1937. *Richards.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

New Oxford Poetry, 1937. *Basil Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Zeal of Thy House is this year's Canterbury Play, written as *Murder in the Cathedral* was written, to be performed by the Friends of the Cathedral at their festival. It concerns the rebuilding of the cathedral in 1175 after fire had destroyed most of the original fabric. As far as I know Miss Sayers has only recently taken to writing plays, and perhaps she has not yet been long enough at the job to have acquired the guile and mental fluffiness that distinguish nearly all writers of modern plays. At any rate, this is a straightforward, balanced, and tidy piece of work, with no loose ends about it. The good sense and astringent humour which make Miss Sayers's novels so engaging are here to advantage in the trenchant remarks the archangels have to make

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Thurs.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. They Came By Night. Wed., Sats.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed., Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Tues., Thurs

WESTMINSTER. Carmilla. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

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JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
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BLACK LIMELIGHT

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SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, AGNES LAUCHLAN.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. Weds., Sats., 2.30.
OWEN NARES in
"THEY CAME BY NIGHT"
URSULA JEANS. DAVID BURNS. CEES LASEUR.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
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by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

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By DODIE SMITH.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS.
EXAMINATIONS.
The next Examinations will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds as follows:—
Preliminary Examination, November 1st and 2nd, 1937.
Intermediate Examination, November 3rd and 4th, 1937.
Final Examination, November 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1937.
Applications on the appropriate forms must be lodged on or before September 28th, 1937, with the undersigned.
A. A. GARRETT,
Secretary.
Incorporated Accountants' Hall,
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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GUIDE TO BRITISH LIBERTIES by James Curtis, the September FACT book, published 15th. The Law as administered by judges and police. Order from progressive booksellers, 6d. Or 7d. post free from FACT, Dept. C4, 19, Garrick St., London, W.C.2. Annual subscription 6s., we pay postage.

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about the human race, and the conversations between the monks and between the rival architects. The story is simple. William of Sens, an extravagant and far from virtuous character but a brilliant architect, is chosen out of three candidates to build the new cathedral. Heaven takes a severe view of his private life, and strikes him down in the hour of his achievement. The proud man who set himself against God is broken—and repentant. The work goes on. That is all, but it is enough to make an interesting and exciting play.

Neo-Georgian Poetry, 1936–1937, offers "fifty-three lyric poems by fifteen living poets, forty of which have not, as yet, appeared in their authors' books." These fifteen living poets are fifteen of the others; of those, in fact, who are not Auden, Spender or Day-Lewis. Seumas O'Sillivan, Hugh MacDiarmid, A. S. J. Tessimond—their names are well known, but their contributions to this book do them little credit. Now that it has been clearly proved that nearly every living soul who can hold a pen—duke's son, cook's son, and all—is engaged in literature for dear life, and particularly in the writing of verse, people should be more careful what they publish. All the poems in this book are good. They are well constructed; they avoid the trite; extensive vocabularies have been employed in their making; fine thoughts are behind them. And yet all but a very few crumble in the hand. These few, without exception, are the work of Miss Stella Gibbons and Miss Ruth Pitter, both on their way to great recognition. And it is for their work that this book is worth reading.

The same remarks apply to *New Oxford Poetry*, 1937. Here again the writing is on a very high level. There are no *gaucheries*, no outbursts, very little extravagance. It is all restrained and ironic, though you feel, as you are meant to feel, that there is trouble and bitterness, that something is seething underneath. But it is all a little too good, a little too much to a pattern. The tree is by no means dead, you feel, but something is strangling it; it is having great difficulty to grow. This book is well worth reading, however, for who knows what some of these writers, even now so aware and articulate, may not one day do? And they have the most resounding and beautiful names.

WILLIAM BUCHAN

SHORTER NOTICES

Towards the Christian Revolution. Edited by R. B. Y. SCOTT, B.D., Ph.D. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Christianity is thriving, as usual, on persecution. Now that the Right has joined the persecutors, it is not surprising to find an increased interest in the connection, if any, between Marxism and the teaching of Christ. The present book is by no means the first on this subject. Conrad Noel has for years been issuing pamphlets from Thaxted: a Quaker writer fully ten years ago referred to the Russian Revolution as being a possible manifestation of the beginnings of the Kingdom of God on earth: before the war there was a school of thought in Germany so occupied with the social side of Christ's teaching that it came to the conclusion that Our Lord was a social reformer and nothing more. The Left Book Club adopted *Towards the Christian Revolution* as one of its "optional" choices. Mr. John Strachey has added a Papal imprimatur in a footnote to one of the chapters—". . . The Communist Party welcomes Christians into its ranks." Despite this God-speeding, the fact remains that people interested in spiritual matters are rarely able to plough their way through economics and people interested in economics are generally inclined to regard spiritual matters as starting from a wrong hypothesis. This series of essays by Canadian Protestants is a first-class effort to clear the ground for practical reconstruction. It does not suggest what sort of religious service should be adopted—there is a veiled attack on Catholicism—but a "cultus" is advised which will take account of personal and corporate crises. Evangelical orthodoxy and Liberal Modernism are disposed of in John Line's able chapter on Theological Principles. The most important chapter, entitled "The Marxist Challenge," by "Propheticus," expresses best the purpose of the book. There is little redundancy in these essays. Some of them, particularly the early ones, are written in a rather arid style, but all lead to the conclusion that the well-being of men depends on an alliance of Socialism and Christianity. Now is the time, suggests Mr. Havelock in his final chapter. The industrial revolution "has ended long centuries of scarcity" and "brought within our reach at last the ethics of the garden," and "has laid the material foundations necessary for the Sermon on the Mount."

An Englishman Looks at Wales. By R. W. THOMPSON. *Arrowsmith.* 5s.

Mr. Thompson is a journalist, and this book consists of a series of articles on Wales. The reader is advised to skip the consciously clever preface. He will then find plenty of interesting information, for the author has made a point of going off the beaten track, and he has kept his trained eyes and ears continually open. He writes of cocklers, coracles, lavermen; he traces Scandinavian origins in Pembrokeshire, Milford Haven from Midfjord Havn, Haverfordwest from Havards Fjord; he describes the Vale of Aeron and the still unspoiled hills of Cardigan. Unfortunately the only map provided is a fancy one, dotted with little pictures, on the paper cover. The whole scheme of the book is rambling, until Mr. Thompson's impact upon the Principality closes with the words "Good-bye Wales, and thank you for your kindness, your hospitality, your beautiful country, and your good temper with me." The author might well have revised his articles, and served up his excellent material in more palatable form. The illustrations are sufficiently well chosen to stimulate interest both in the book and in those parts of Wales, some of them undeservedly neglected, described in its pages.

Afoot in Wild Places. SETON GORDON. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

A well written travel book with plenty of imaginative description, quaint stories and acute observations. Each chapter stands by itself like a day's journey. The author wanders from the Pentland Firth to the Outer and Inner Hebrides, to Arran of the Stags, to the coast of Ireland and to Ile de Batz off the Breton coast. Illustrated with some excellent photographs.

The Backward Art of Spending Money. By WESLEY C. MITCHELL. *McGraw Hill.* 18s.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Professor Mitchell should have chosen to give this collection of essays the title he did; over any less distinguished name it would suggest the usual all-too-common travesty of under-consumptionism. Actually the title essay is a light and agreeable dissertation on the contrast between our scientific production and our haphazard outlay in consumption; no more. The rest of the contents vary widely in style and in matter. There are sympathetic and penetrating critiques of Veblen, Sombart, Wieser, and Commons; several comparative surveys of economic theory (of which the best is that on Ricardian Economics) linked by a common interest in the psychological assumptions current at various stages of theoretical development; a balanced judgment on the role of empirical research in the advancement of theory; two rather naif essays on national planning, which combine some sensible observations on the practical shortcomings of *laisser faire* with a total disregard of the implications of a planned economy; and a fine tribute to the author's old teachers at Chicago—the group which included Dewey, Laughlin, Hill, and Veblen. In time, the essays range from 1912 to 1935; in style, from the most abstruse and closely reasoned analysis to the most casual throwing out of ideas. There is something for every type of reader. Perhaps the heterogeneity is a little excessive; but the lighter essays, which could hardly stand alone, merit survival, and the price paid for their inclusion is not excessive.

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JOHN LONG

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No. 391

Set by Philip Jordan

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Town Clerk.
Town Hall,
Crouch End Broadway,
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EXAMINATIONS

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.

The half-yearly PRELIMINARY, INTERMEDIATE and FINAL EXAMINATIONS will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th December next, in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Sheffield.

Entries should be received on, or before, the 1st October. Further particulars may be obtained from the offices of the Association at 50, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

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CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on p. 385 of this issue.

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION

A LADY, 58 years of age—deserted by her husband and left destitute—terrible illness led to amputation of left leg—artificial limb given by friends now worn out—money or Surgical Aid letters urgently wanted for new leg, cost £28.

PLEASE HELP

74 BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6.

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NEW MISFIT Lounge and Dress Suits, Overcoats, direct from Lesley & Roberts, Kilgour and all eminent Tailors, from 5 GNS.
Approval against cash : send measures with enquiries.

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The
Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

SEPTEMBER, 1937

CONTENTS

Real and Money Wage Rates in Relation to Unemployment - Prof. A. C. Pigou
Alternative Theories of the Rate of Interest : Three Rejoinders I. Prof. B. Ohlin ; II. D. H. Robertson ; III. R. G. Hawtrey
A Theory of Commodity, Income and Capital Taxation - M. Kalecki
Railway Passenger Receipts and Fares Policy - E. J. Broster
The London Building Industry and Its Labour Recruitment Through Employment Exchanges - R. G. D. Allen and B. Thomas
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Owing largely to the ignorance of the setter of this competition, only English is allowed. And mottoes, of course, are always short—please.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 17th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 389

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best Ruthless Rhymes, a type of verse popularised by the late Harry Graham, of which this is a sample:

> When grandmamma fell off the boat,
> And couldn't swim (and wouldn't float),
> Matilda just stood by and smiled:
> I almost could have slapped the child.

It would be seasonable if the verses submitted dealt with holiday incidents.

Report by Allan M. Laing

The 126 entrants for this competition quite evidently feared to risk their fortunes on one throw, and single entries were the exception. The standard (if one can talk of standard in connection with such a low form of verse) was fairly high. There was a pleasing absence of ruth and a right mock-macabre sense of fun in nearly all the verses dealing with death or mutilation by motor car, poison, drowning, eating ices, playing golf, potholing and a score of other accidents. Competitors certainly had a down on Auntie, with Uncle as second corpse, but mayhem and murder were committed with considerable gusto on sisters, cousins, fathers, mothers, etc., the rhyme and metre occasionally being involved in the general unpleasantness.

I suggest that a guinea be awarded to F. P. W. for a ruthlessness quite out of the common, and that the remaining prize money be divided among the following: M. Mullett (for one out of about fifteen verses, all good); J. W. Harvey; L. V. Upward; Redling; W. L. Atkinson; Gretchen Green; Lotus Eater; Gordon Simpson; and R. Hedger. The view taken by unsuccessful competitors that their entries were at least as good as those of the winners may have something in it. Competition judges are arbitrary gents.

I.

Uncle, back from evensong,
Rang for cook and did her wrong.
"Herbert, I'm surprised," said Auntie
When she caught them *in flagrante*:
"There's a proper time for gaieties:
Do remember, dear, what day it is."

F. P. W.

THE OTHERS

The Colonel, busy potting grouse,
Potted his meditating spouse:
His comrades frowned—for gentlemen
Must never shoot a sitting hen.

GRETCHEN GREEN

Bobby laughed when prim Miss Dewar
Fell in the Northern Outfall sewer.
Said Ma: "This is no time for larking:
Take some Lifebuoy Soap to Barking."

LOTUS EATER

Maud and Stanley, little stiffs,
Went and tumbled off the cliffs;
With my Ciné-Kodak, what
A topping film I might have got!

R. HEDGER

'Twas on Sunday that Betty, our dear little daughter,
Was drowned when she fell in a pool of salt water,
So we could not help leaving the child in the lurch,
For, dressed in our best, we were walking to church.

GORDON SIMPSON

Little Willie, feeling jolly,
Burned his little sister's dolly:
Rather fancying the smell,
He set a light to her as well.

W. L. ATKINSON

When Auntie, at the Whelksea Lido,
Crossed the path of a torpedo,
Uncle thought it would look better
To wire Whitehall than send a letter.

REDLING

Father's back-hand stroke at tennis
Disembowelled little Dennis.
Mother murmured "What a shame!",
Putting Dad clean off his game.

L. V. UPWARD

I went a walk with Uncle Sam
(Whose one and only heir I am):
I struck him down (near Arundel)
And left the body where it fell.
No reasonable man could chide
Me for this prudent homicide;
But conscience pricks me all the same:
To leave the litter was a shame.

J. W. HARVEY

He wasn't too sober the day he went
To jump from the top of the Monument.
We frankly admit that he liked a drop—
But there! He always knew when to stop.

M. MULLETT

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 245.—THE SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

I was talking last week to Greenchalk, who was just off to Frameborough for a snooker tournament.

"Snooker!" I said. "That's interesting. How's the thing run?"

"Oh" said Greenchalk, "it's an American tournament. There are sixteen of us competing, and each of us has to play five games against each of the others."

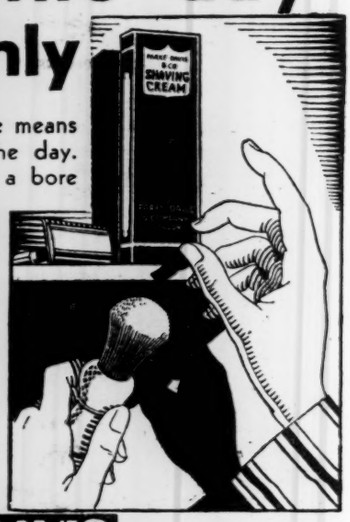
"And who wins? The man who wins a majority of games against the greatest number of opponents, or the man who wins most games?"

"The man who secures most points. Two points are given for winning a game and one point for a tie. I've next to no chance of being top, but I do think I've a good chance of a prize."

"Splendid!" I said. "How many prizes are there?"

"Five," said Greenchalk. "£50, £30, £20, £10, and £5. And,

Start the day Smoothly



A comfortable shave means a good start to the day. If you find shaving a bore in the morning, give Parke-Davis Shaving Cream a trial. It really does soften the beard quickly and effectively, and yet protects the skin from irritation. The liberal seven-shave tube which we offer you free will confirm our claims.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

Made by the Makers of Euthymol Tooth Paste

Large tube 1/6 from all Chemists.

FREE OFFER

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of course, if players are equal on points prizes can be divided. Thus, if the first three players are equal, they pool the first three prizes. If four players are equal third, they pool the third, fourth and fifth prizes. And so on."

How many points must Greenchalk score to be sure of winning something?

PROBLEM 244.—THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

I did not see a proof last week, with the result that an essential datum was omitted. (Solvers will, no doubt, have discovered this point for themselves.) The conversation between the Admirals should have brought out, at some point, that the costs of building the four classes of ships are:

Battleship	4,000,000 eagles
Cruiser	3,000,000 ,,
Destroyer	2,000,000 ,,
Submarine	1,000,000 ,,

The time limit for sending in answers to this problem is extended by one week. It will, I think, prove an exceptionally interesting one.

PROBLEM 241.—RED, WHITE AND BLUE

I should like to print the comments on this problem, of which the most amusing perhaps is Stewart Paterson's:

"Gad, sir! Prospero was right. 'For this night be sure thou shalt have cramps!'"

I have examined the 30 answers sent in, which respectively total the number of octahedra as:

2,187	855	570	333	330	324	309	243
1,119	711	381	333	330	321	270	45
873	708	336	333	330	315	258	—
873	702	333	333	327	315	258	—

I think the right answer (my own, supported by D. Dempster, E. T. Gill, G. A. W. Smith, J. E. Wadey, and the Revd. J. K. Young) is 333.

Our analysis (summarised) is:

Faces of each colour: A	B	C	Number of distinguishable Octahedra
8	–	–	3
7	1	–	6
6	2	–	18
6	1	1	9
6	3	–	18
5	2	1	42
4	4	–	21
4	3	1	78
4	2	2	66
3	3	2	72
	Total		333

PROBLEM 242.—THE INTER-HOUSE CUP

Cobbley's beat Snagge's by 4 goals to nil.

This is an interesting variation on the usual "League" problems; it might have been made considerably more difficult, but, as the principle was a new one, I deliberately made its application relatively easy. It is obvious from the table that no games were drawn; the various results can thus be deduced with certainty, and all that remains is to convert the decimals to vulgar fractions and build up a "League table" from the table of goals.

Solvers are in error in thinking that the "League table" itself is unique; several variations are possible, though these do not affect the answer to the question asked.

"How nice," comments one competitor, "to use continued fractions for fun." The majority, however, had recourse to slide-rules or to what is known as "muddling about."

PROBLEM 240.—PINPRICKS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: G. Viccars, Moorlyn, College Road, Ripon, Yorks.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

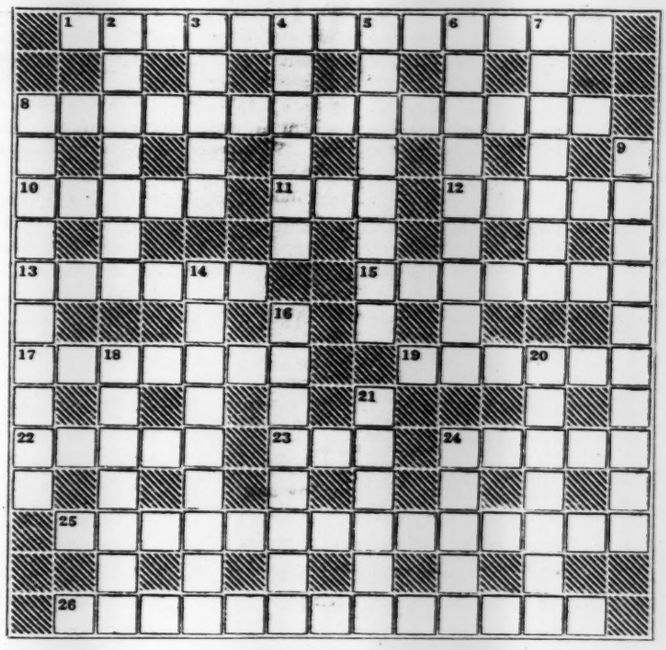
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 392

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

R. M. Watson, 18 St. George's Mansions, Causton Street, S.W.1

ACROSS

1. A classic family man. (13)
8. These often provide a sort of card game for visitors. (14)
10. Youthful spade-work has lately filled them a lot. (5)
11. Are back in time (3)
12. High explosive all round the engineers in the river. (5)
13. The lane winds in and out of the East Central district. (6)
15. One could materially stretch a point with it. (7)
17. The bowler's remuneration? (7)
19. Tim returned in sad disorder. (6)
22. Remembering in the middle. (5)
23. 1 of 1's household (3)
24. Goat without corn. (5)
25. Theatrical trying on of clothes? (14)
26. See 6. (13)

DOWN.

2. A heap of work done by industrious creatures. (7)
3. Husbandry for countesses. (5)
4. Fruit is often so sweetly duped. (6)
5. Might be tiger or cannibal. (8)
6. & 26. Suggests the reparative value of silence. (9)
7. Usually has a symptomatic expression. (7)
8. It cuts out the seed bed of the fruit so to speak. (10)
9. Immobility of old-time punishment. (10)
14. Horsy outfit. (9)
16. Either kind of them might impede one's vision. (8)
18. Go and put me back on the bar. (7)
20. They read him pa's sermon in part. (7)
21. An insect turn-over for song. (6)
24. It is always linked up. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	I	D	E	D	■	T	H	E	R	I	N	G	E	R
C	■	H	■	I	■	A	■	L	■	M	■	O	■	E
A	R	O	U	S	E	S	■	E	M	P	L	O	Y	S
L	■	B	■	P	■	T	■	C	■	L	■	D	■	I
P	R	I	C	E	L	I	S	T	■	Y	I	E	L	D
E	■	■	■	N	■	N	■	O	■	■	■	A	■	E
L	O	A	F	S	U	G	A	R	■	F	A	R	E	S
■	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	■
A	R	C	O	S	■	C	O	C	K	E	D	H	A	T
L	■	H	■	■	■	O	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	U
G	I	F	T	S	■	H	I	G	H	L	A	N	D	S
E	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	N	■	A	■	O	■	S
B	R	E	E	D	E	R	■	A	R	N	O	T	T	O
R	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	T	■	C	■	E	■	R
A	D	D	R	E	S	S	E	E	■	E	N	D	U	E